

The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



'The Show', by Daumier (see page 909)

In this number:

'Choosing a Capital for Wales', 'Maynard Keynes at the Treasury',
'How an Editor does his Job'

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The Listener

Vol. XLV. No. 1162

Thursday June 7 1951

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

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America, China, and Russia

By CLIFTON UTLEY

SOME of the reports I hear from London give the impression that a great many persons in Britain are worried lest President Truman, after dismissing General MacArthur, may now be moving towards the adoption of more and more of General MacArthur's policies. My own feeling is that such fears are groundless, in so far as they relate to the most striking and perhaps the most dangerous of General MacArthur's proposals; the recommendation that we bomb Manchuria.

From this vantage point in the heart of our American Middle West*, which is probably more pro-MacArthur than any other part of our country, I have watched the trend of opinion very carefully during the past fortnight, during which members of our Joint Chiefs of Staff have been testifying in Washington. Certain points have been hammered home again and again by the Joint Chiefs. The repetition of essentially the same points by Generals Bradley, Collins and Vandenberg, and by Naval Chief of Staff, Admiral Forrest Sherman, have had their considerable impacts, even on those segments of our public opinion that want to think there is a quick and easy way to end the Korean war along lines desired by General MacArthur. Essentially what all the Joint Chiefs of Staff have said has been this: that while General MacArthur's 'bomb Manchuria' programme might win the war in Korea quickly, the chances are that it would not; and, even if it did, it would tie up so much of our Air Force in the process that there would be infinitely greater risk of war in Europe, owing to the fact that over-commitment of American Air Force in the Far East would leave insufficient aeroplanes uncommitted to act as a deterrent to Russian aggression in Europe.

For all the tumult and shouting you periodically hear from this side, I think it is significant that one of our recent public

opinion polls showed that, while Americans would hate to have to choose between Europe and Asia, an overwhelming majority voted that if a choice absolutely had to be made, Europe was unquestionably more important. One of the points repeatedly made by the Joint Chiefs of Staff in testimony before Senate Committees, has been the risk of massive Soviet intervention in the Korean war, if the United Nations bombed Manchuria and seemed likely to carry the war once again to the Yalu River and Soviet maritime province frontiers.

The existence of a Soviet-Chinese alliance has been repeatedly pointed out, and attention has been repeatedly called to the fact that a United Nations bombing of Manchuria would activate that alliance. Few here think Russia would come to China's aid simply because she had pledged her word to do so under such conditions, but a great many believe Russia would honour the alliance for two very practical reasons. First, because to dishonour it would be to lose China as an ally, which Russia cannot afford; also, it would weaken Russia's bonds with her European satellites, because it would put them on notice that Russia was ready to default on her promises to them at will. Second, because if Russia did not give China massive support following the United Nations bombardment of Manchuria, we might win the war, and park American troops on the Soviet-Siberian frontier only a few miles from Vladivostok, the Soviet Union's only important Pacific port. There is a growing appreciation here that Russia would be just as reluctant to tolerate American troops right next to Siberia in the northern end of the Korean peninsula, as we Americans would be to tolerate troops of a hostile nation in the Mexican peninsula of Lower California, just below the border of our American State of California.

* Broadcast from Chicago on June 4

During the past fortnight, a number of Americans have become a bit impatient with the Joint Chiefs of Staff testimony, holding that the various Joint Chiefs of Staff have been saying the same things over and over again in response to essentially the same senatorial questions. That is true, but it is the repetition that has dinned certain essential points into the American consciousness. Immediately after the dismissal of General MacArthur, I pointed out in a broadcast to American audiences some of the dangers involved in following the MacArthur prescription. At that time, I received a flood of rather abusive mail. Today, though I am still pointing out the same dangers here at home, there is very little such mail; public opinion has clearly shifted. I think it is safe to say there will be no great American public demand for bombing Manchuria, except in the event that the Chinese should throw large numbers of Russian-supplied Manchurian-based aeroplanes against the Korean battle-front.

Indirect Impact of the MacArthur Debate

I would not like you to get the impression that the MacArthur debate has not had an influence on our American foreign policy. It has had—and it is having—a very considerable influence. If we are now able to negotiate a compromise peace in Korea along the 38th parallel, a peace which Secretary of State Dean Acheson in testimony last Saturday indicated as acceptable to us, then the influence of the MacArthur debate on our foreign policy and on our relations with you and other United Nations members will be less visibly apparent. But if the Chinese communists—because of considerations of peace, or because they hope we shall become bored with the Korean war and eventually get out voluntarily, or for some other reason—refuse to negotiate peace on any acceptable terms, and the Korean war goes on, then in a variety of ways you will begin to see the indirect impact of the MacArthur debate on our American foreign policy.

In such an event, American pressure for a United Nations naval blockade of Communist China would undoubtedly greatly increase. Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral Forrest Sherman, testified repeatedly that he favoured a naval blockade of Communist China, but he made it very clear that he favoured such a blockade only if voted by the United Nations. He made it clear that he definitely opposed any going it alone by the United States, and any imposition of a naval blockade of China by purely American action. Sherman made it clear that he opposed a purely American blockade because such an action would isolate us from the rest of the United Nations. It would thus, in effect, tell Russia she was free to intervene and oppose the blockade without incurring hostility of the other members of the United Nations. The thinking here is that, in such circumstances, Russia would certainly intervene in the blockade, not perhaps so much in the hope of getting any greatly increased amount of goods through to China, as in the belief that when we Americans try to enforce the blockade against Russian and Chinese opposition, and our United Nations fellow members fail to help us, there would at that moment be a major split in the ranks of the west, which split Russia could exploit to her advantage all over the world.

Therefore we are unlikely to go it alone, and impose a blockade of Red China by ourselves. But by the same sign, if the war goes on we are likely, indeed almost certain, to put greatly increased pressure on the United Nations in an effort to induce it to vote a complete naval blockade of China. When and if this happens, it will be in part at least a consequence of the pressure brought by the MacArthur debate. It will also be in part a consequence of the logic of events, for I suspect in such circumstances American opinion will argue: we have offered Red China a compromise peace which everyone admits is fair. China has rejected it, preferring to continue the war indefinitely. It is now necessary to find additional means of bringing pressure on China, and a United Nations blockade is one such means.

I think it comes down to this. MacArthur's basic—and most explosive—policy has been rejected by American opinion. Yet if the war continues, the stiffening influence of the MacArthur debate on American policy is bound to be felt in our negotiations with our allies, and it is being felt right now. There is little disposition here to go it alone, and as I noted earlier, there is a basic appreciation that should choices absolutely have to be made, Europe is fundamental. Granted these things, the stiffening of American policy on such matters as blockades, Formosa, and other far eastern issues can still give rise to moments of very real tension between the Allies of the free world.

Now, by way of postscript, I should like to turn to an event on our American domestic scene. One of the dangers of periodic reports

like these American commentaries is that speakers are all too likely to devote all the time and attention to the number one problem of the moment, and ignore things that are not of quite first importance, and yet still do occupy a good part of our American attention. So, to do justice to one subject, I want to report to you today about the price war that is now going on in New York, San Francisco and certain other centres, to the great joy of American consumers who are storming stores to get the advantages of much lower prices.

It all began when the Supreme Court of the United States two weeks ago ruled that the so-called Fair Trade Laws passed by some forty-five of our forty-eight States could not be enforced against stores that had not specifically agreed to charge fixed prices. The Fair Trade Law—in case the phrase may sound a bit strange to you—is an American law allowing manufacturers of advertised brand name goods to agree on certain retail prices with a certain number of retailers. Thereafter, that minimum retail price must be charged by all retailers handling the item, even though a given retailer may not have entered into any contract to charge the price.

Our Supreme Court ruled that such laws were unenforceable against non-contracting retailers. So Macey's in New York—Macey's is the world's largest important store under one roof—freed from the restrictions of the law, at once announced that it would cut prices six per cent. on approximately 6,000 previously price-fixed items. Gimbel's, one of Macey's leading competitors, promptly announced it would meet all competition. So did a number of other stores. Macey's then promptly announced that if Gimbel's cut six per cent. too, Macey's would cut six per cent. more, until its prices got down to merchandise cost. You can imagine the mobs that stormed the stores seeking and getting very real bargains. One salesman, entering Macey's at the opening of business the other day, braced himself and called to a friend: 'Tell my wife when you last saw me I was going in'.

Price Cutting amid Inflation

The interesting thing is: how can a price-cutting campaign like this take place when we in America are in the midst of a war mobilisation, and also in the midst of a very considerable inflation? The answer is that the long-run trend here is, of course, distinctly inflationary. More raw materials are being taken each month for war defence production. Our budget is still rather substantially out of balance. More people are getting more overtime pay. There are a number of inflationary factors in our domestic situation. But when the new mobilisation started, everyone figured there would presently be great shortages, as there were during the second world war, so customers rushed out and bought everything they could afford, indeed, more than they could afford. They bought lots of household items on the time payment—I believe you call it the hire purchase plan—and stores became so loaded up with time payment contracts they have not been able to buy much since last January.

At the same time, manufacturers, thinking shortages would immediately appear in the second world war, produced twenty-four hours a day, particularly in such fields as household appliances, and loaded themselves up with big inventories that became even bigger when the defence mobilisation started a bit more slowly than expected, with the result that material shortages came later than anticipated. Result, bigger inventories at a time when the public, already over-bought, had stopped buying; so right now we have the paradox of price-cutting sales in the middle of what is basically a strong inflation. It will not last, of course: the inflation is basic. The price cuts resulting from too large inventories are temporary, but a large number of customers are having a very good time while it lasts.—*Home Service*

The fifty-seventh season of Henry Wood Promenade Concerts will open at the Royal Albert Hall on Saturday, July 28, and will continue for eight weeks, ending on Saturday, September 22. The B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, the London Philharmonic Orchestra, and the London Symphony Orchestra are taking part. The conductors will be Sir Malcolm Sargent and Basil Cameron with John Hollingsworth and Trevor Harvey as assistant conductors. Single tickets for the first and last concerts will be allocated by two ballots—Ballot No. 1 for the first concert and Ballot No. 2 for the last concert. Written application must be made separately for each ballot, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope, to the Royal Albert Hall, London, S.W.7, before Friday, June 22. Envelopes must be clearly marked in the top left-hand corner with the number of the ballot. Remittances should not be enclosed. Applicants must not apply for more than two tickets for either ballot.

On Choosing a Capital for Wales

By THOMAS JONES

IN his *Just So Stories* Kipling tells how the whale got its throat, the camel its hump, the rhinoceros its skin and so forth. I cannot tell you how Wales got its capital; it hasn't yet got one. Most capitals grow like trees, others are built like houses. The odd thing is that this old nation has neither grown one nor built one, and is the only civilised country in the world, we are told, without one.

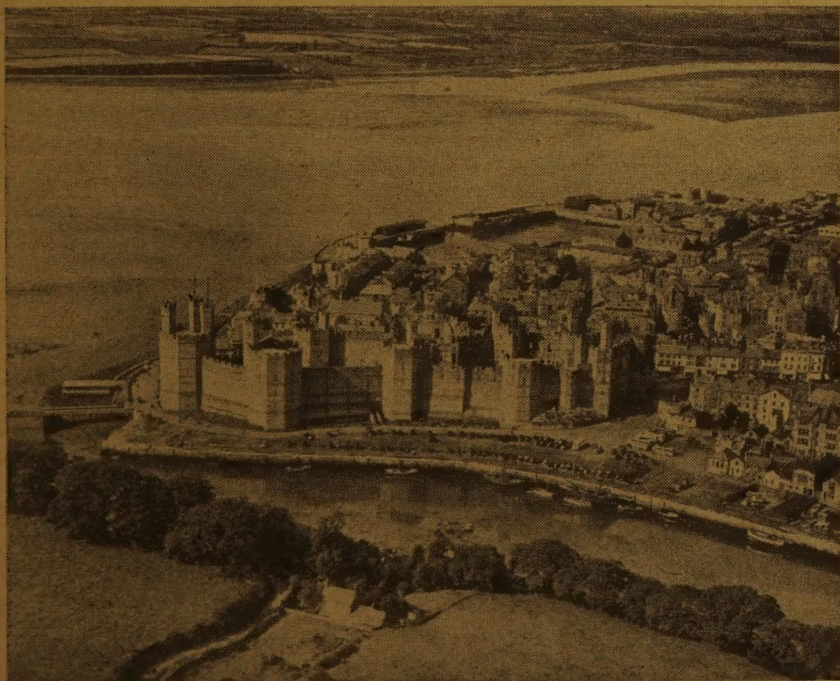
Most countries start founding a capital early in their history, for political, economic, or geographical reasons. A site is found convenient for defence, or trade, or traffic; there may be near by a fordable river or quarries rich in building stone. That is what helped the foundation of Rome—an important crossing of an important river, the Tiber; the local rock was easily quarried, the local cement was of extraordinary hardness. The story of London is familiar to you. It, too, had a river and it has grown to be what has been called 'the most lovable of all the great capitals'. Dublin's fair city is built on both banks of the Liffey. Edinburgh was recognised as the capital of Scotland 500 years ago, but in 1707 London became the parliamentary capital of Scotland and still remains so. Though, as Tennyson sings, 'twice a day the Severn fills', Wales has founded no capital on its banks.

In modern times, in new countries, there are examples of manufactured capitals, starting from scratch, planned by architects and engineers. Washington in America and Canberra in Australia, separated by a century, are illustrations of this deliberate process. The story is always the same: rivalries and jealousies prevent agreement on any existing town. Philadelphia

were Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton and these two did a deal by which Jefferson voted for the assumption of state war debts in return for Hamilton's support of a capital site on the Potomac. (We can imagine a similar bargain between Lady Megan Lloyd George and Mr. George Thomas settling the fate of Caernarvon and Cardiff.)



Aberystwyth: the promenade with the University College of Wales on the right



Aerial view of Caernarvon castle and part of the town

Luckily in America there towered, even above Jefferson and Hamilton, the figure of George Washington (as it might be Herbert Morrison, Lord Festival, towering above our Welsh members) and Congress accepted Washington's decision in favour of the site on the Potomac, the district now known as Columbia, on which stands today the handsome capital of the United States, planted between the two climatic regions, the north occupied primarily by white and the south by coloured folk. Such was the care taken that Jefferson sent to the architect large-scale maps of twelve European capitals to be studied when designing Washington.

A more recent example of the manufactured capital is Canberra. The principle of one capital for Australia was settled by an Act to which Queen Victoria gave assent in 1900. Nine years of agitation followed, many conventions and conferences, and the usual Battle of the Sites. At last Canberra was chosen among wooded hills, 2,000 feet above sea level, 200 miles from Sydney and over 2,000 miles from Perth. A world-wide competition for the lay-out followed, over a hundred designs were submitted, and the prize went to a Chicago architect.

Had Wales chosen its capital 1,000 years ago, as it well might, it would by today, presumably, have attracted to itself population and power, glory and honour. Had Prince Llewelyn not met with a sudden death in 1282 (so Professor Jones-Pierce speculated in a broadcast) we might today rejoice in a national capital at Abermule, between Montgomery and Caersws, in the vale of the Severn, with a Roman Catholic university anticipating Glyndwr's and with, I suppose, Gregynog as a royal residence. That was one of the 'if's' of history and we can only dream of its fulfilment had the Prince survived.

I remember at the close of a lecture by Sir John Morris Jones, Sir Ellis Jones Griffiths asked him who had been the leaders of Wales in the last hundred years and answering his own question: first, the preacher and his sermon; secondly, the politician and his caucus;

and New York, Baltimore and Princeton were capitals for short periods at the end of the eighteenth century, but the Americans were afraid that the choice of any one of these would give undue predominance to the State in which it was located. Congress, therefore, decided to plan a capital exclusively as a seat of government. As soon as this was known there was a scramble for the honour. At one stage it was proposed that Congress should meet alternately on the banks of the Delaware and on the banks of the Potomac, but this plan was never carried out. Two of the most influential politicians of the period

thirdly, the professor and his classroom. That was thirty years ago. Today he would surely say we are ruled by the town and county councillor. It is they, through the Advisory Council, in consultation with our Members of Parliament, who are deciding this matter of the capital for us. Four rivals have submitted petitions: Aberystwyth, Caernarvon, Cardiff and Llandrindod. I have read all four and they have been discussed in the press. What strikes me is the desire of each candidate to establish its long history, its Welsh character, its centrality, its administrative importance and convenience. Llandrindod has behaved with magnanimity and is willing to make way for Cardiff, though out of twelve it has two councillors who speak Welsh, which may be a

For understandable reasons I have hardly mentioned Aberystwyth. We enjoy a natural superiority which others call snobbery. I was rather surprised that our Mayor submitted a petition at all, though it is far and away the best printed and free of the misprints which disfigure some others. We, too, have a castle, in ruins, which is what castles should be. We are the Mecca of the seed-sowers and plant-breeders of the world. We have the chief office of the largest Welsh industry—agriculture. We have given our town's name to a tune which is in all the world's hymn books. We have a climate so superior to that of Cardiff that our students do twice the work in half the time.

To sum up. Why bother about a capital? If Wales had had a capital (writes W. J. Gruffydd) we should have had a National Theatre. Perhaps. How long has it taken London? Do we need a capital to demonstrate the Welsh way of life? Will Cardiff do that? And what is that Welsh way? Is it definable? Is it exportable? Is it to be found in Patagonia? Is it a way of service or of dominion? Is its centre of gravity in this world or the next? Is it inseparable from the language? Is its genius confined to a literature? Does it mean hymn singing on the football field on Saturday and public houses closed on Sunday? Is the provision of a capital the remedy for our troubles? No. Their root is in the moral confusion of the time. We are witnessing the funeral of a culture which no longer commands allegiance. Our Welsh way was a rural way; it knew nothing of rayon factories in the north, nothing of nylon factories in the south. Can we substitute an Anglo-Welsh culture?

Today you can order an administrative capital by post from London. It is already arriving in instalments in the shape of regional offices for Education, Health, Town and Country Planning, Hospital Board, Gas Board. If this makes for convenience because Cardiff is only three hours from London, then I should proclaim Cardiff the administrative capital of Wales. But you cannot obtain a cultural capital by post. Rather, I would say, let it be the town in which the perambulating National Eisteddfod meets annually. The permanent cultural capital will tend to be where the nation's books are. They arrive at Aberystwyth by the ton. One of the four petitions tells us that



The Civic Buildings, Cardiff

higher proportion than its southern rival could supply. It has the best bowling green in the country and (not for that reason) it is the annual Mecca of the Governing Body of the Church in Wales. If we could start *de novo* to found a central university Sir Frederick Rees would place it at Llandrindod.

Three petitions remain. In terms of quantity Cardiff has it easily. By 1911 more than half the entire population of the Principality was gathered in the single county of Glamorgan. Aberystwyth and Caernarvon are too shy to mention their modest population of ten thousand apiece. Not that Caernarvon is not, in some respects, right up to date. The last time I spent an evening there at the local cinema the subject of the current film was the cosmetic industry of the United States. But it has other claims. Cardiff is today making a belated attempt to promote opera, while Caernarvon a century ago saw the importance of tonic sol-fa. 'In no town in Wales is a poet, a musician, or a dramatist more honoured'. Cardiff does not appear to have produced any of these. In Caernarvon Welsh is spoken; in Cardiff—I quote the petition—it is academically studied. In Caernarvon every member of the police force is a Welsh-speaking Welshman and can talk with criminals in their own tongue.

The County Council prints its minutes in Welsh and they are understood by the majority of the members. Caernarvon is small enough to have a local vocabulary, lots of funny stories in circulation, odd characters, untranslatable nicknames and a sense of humour, a Welsh way of life in fact. These riches are denied to Cardiff and cannot be put into statistics. If to please the Cardiff Professor of Welsh the Welsh capital is to be *mônoglot* rather than bilingual, then Caernarvon would seem the most likely to qualify for the honour of splendid isolation. Old and small as it is, and large as is Dr. Peate's appetite, Caernarvon cannot be swallowed by St. Fagan's. Cardiff's aesthetic claims are strong. It owes its Civic Centre not to Welsh culture but to a feudal Scottish capitalist. It is perhaps the cleanest industrial city in the kingdom and the most cosmopolitan. (Its Arab children speak English with a Welsh accent.)



General view of Llandrindod

Aero Pictorial

the Roman Empire, at its peak, stretched from the Persian Gulf to Caernarvon. The books we have at the National Library if placed end to end would stretch from Aberystwyth to the Persian Gulf. I fall for two Capitals and to that extent advocate the disunity commended by Richard Hughes*.—*Welsh Home Service*

The six lectures given by Mr. J. Isaacs on the Third Programme are now available in book form under the title of *An Assessment of Twentieth-Century Literature* (Secker and Warburg, 8s. 6d.)

Maynard Keynes at the Treasury

By SIR WILFRID EADY

I MUST make plain my limitations on this. Others have written or spoken of Keynes with the authority of long personal knowledge. I knew him intimately only for four years, from 1942 to the end. What had gone to the making of him in the past, I knew mainly by reading or hearsay. I had only just come to the Treasury after miscellaneous years in Whitehall, and had no qualifications of economic training in which he could be interested, even out of curiosity. He took a great deal of trouble over me and gave me much friendship. It is only from this short but deep experience that I can speak.

Personal Relations

Perhaps I can dismiss his personal relations with me by one illustrative episode. As I sat one day in his room, attempting to argue with him, while he towered over me with his back to the fire, he said, with disarming gentleness, 'If I had taken you very young and had had limitless patience, I might have taught you the elements of economics. As it is, I must assume you understand your own art of administration'.

He had a room a little to the side of the main corridor, but he missed nothing of what was going on. When he was not in it, the room was without character except for a conference table too large for the room, but too small for the eager gatherings which collected when it was known that he was going to expound something, or pull together all the loose strings. Some of those present were his colleagues in the teaching of economics, others had been his pupils. But he paid special attention to the remainder whose job was practical administration. Never before had he had a small seminar of middle-aged pupils who were so serious, who had so many bits of experience, and knew so many odd facts which might be made relevant or even useful, and who were so free from the prejudices which could have been created by previous thought, or knowledge of the subject. He had not expected to have to teach again and he enjoyed the unusual experience.

The majesty of his appearance was notable. For three years he had been gravely ill, and he had to guard and save his strength. Tall and big-framed, he walked through the Treasury in slow processional dignity. Above his dark clothes, the ivory pallor of his face and the fine dark-blue eyes, steady and reflective, or filling with amusement, had often the effect of a light moving. Others, in Washington, noted this luminous aspect. His hands, also, were distinctive. He used them rarely in gesture, except to gather an argument together, or, ominously, to remove his glasses, which he placed before him, deliberately folded, with his hands cupped over them. This was the hoisting of a storm-cone. The slight stammer would reappear for a moment, the even, restful voice would darken, and all who had been fishing in troubled waters would make for harbour. But the sky would clear with equal suddenness. He saved his strength also in the way he wrote, trailing the words across the page with the least muscular effort. It was legible, he would claim, and who could ask for more than that? And if we were in difficulties, his secretary, Mrs. Stephens, who divined all meanings and deciphered all corrections, would quickly and secretly help us.

Looking back through the story of his life as told by Roy Harrod, it is possible to see much come to a late and golden harvest in Keynes' last years at the Treasury. It was a mellow St. Martin's Summer. The sharp polemics of the nineteen-twenties and -thirties had ripened to a certainty of judgment, which was no less certain for occasional contradictions; the unkind sayings, though no less pungent, were much fewer, and often quickly excused. Like another great humanist, he could say 'I can hate things, but I am, and always shall be, incapable of hating people'—though there were exceptions. All over the world his work had been recognised, and much of his teaching of the approach to economic problems, disturbing and aggressive at first onset, had been accepted as a new starting-point. During his illness he had been forced to restrict his manifold activities but had been free to reflect upon the satisfactions of his life. The variety of Keynes' work and active interests is the most remarkable fact of his personality. Nor was it a variation on a central theme. Besides being an economist and pamphleteer of the highest rank, he was a fastidious book-collector, achieving what he

feared might prove to be a last example of the Library of a Gentleman, brought together on no rules but inclination and taste for the best works in the best condition. He collected contemporary pictures with a sure touch, and gave some young artists a living. He created a theatre, and encouraged music and the ballet. He operated with success in the commodity-markets, and, with more enjoyment but less success, in the Casinos of the Riviera. He liked good food and drink and talk. And always he was a prodigious worker. To find his like you have to go back to a few figures in more spacious times.

Out of his sojourn in 'Bloomsbury' he had carried his trained delight in the visual arts. This flowered into C.E.M.A. and the Arts Council, into the resurrection of Covent Garden, into patronage for pictures—all with the help of public funds. Keynes said in a broadcast: 'I do not believe it is yet realised what an important thing has happened. State patronage of the arts has crept in. It has happened in a very English, informal, unostentatious way—half-baked, if you like. . . . At last the public Exchequer has recognised the support and encouragement of the civilising arts of life as part of their duty'. This was part of his insistent thought that the concern of the Treasury should be wise spending.

He brought also his gift for prose, surely among the highest ranges of our persuasive writing. But now he had to secure his results quickly, from Ministers and colleagues who had much to read each day, and most of it heavy and glutinous. Immediate impact was necessary, and in this last period at the Treasury his prose took on the colloquial style, the gaiety and swallow-flights of humorous fancy, of an almost unimaginably elegant conversation. Keynes' writings at the Treasury were contemporary, political, and very much to the point. Many of them are still uncomfortably relevant. They must therefore await the decent lapse of time before they can be admired as history or art. But one or two can be given, the first trivial, but exact: 'In Washington', he wrote, 'the Ancient Mariner would have found it necessary to use the telephone to detain the wedding-guest. For it is only on the telephone that one can obtain undivided attention. If you seek an interview, your American friend will spend half the time talking on the telephone to all quarters of the compass, until in despair you return to your own office and ring him up, when you can expect to secure his concentrated attention for as long as you like, whilst someone else wastes his time keeping a date with him in the chair which you have so wisely vacated'.

Attitude to United States

And, in more serious tone, writing of our relations in 1944 with the United States: 'If we can control our suspicions, even though they have some foundation, and our exasperations, for which there will be every excuse in the world, if we can overlook their inevitable jealousies, and unwarrantable aggrandisement and indefensible intrusions, and if they can do the like, as I think they can, in respect of our not less objectionable faults, the only brotherhood by which civilisation can be held together, already sealed in blood, will become in due time a decent, commonplace, work-a-day affair, which is taken for granted, as anything must be which is to be good and durable. On no temptation or provocation or pretext must we allow ourselves to stray, even in thought or hypothesis, along another path than this'. That is not ordinary official prose. It should be added that Keynes declined to use the war-time official paper which was provided for him. He liked the familiar shape of his own paper which allowed him to feel the run and balance of his sentences. Moreover, as he said, he did not see why he should be required to commit his thoughts to the kind of toilet-paper which the Treasury apparently had to use for their own efforts.

But the richest endowment which he brought to us from the past was his sense of the personal equation. Eton, Kings, the sodality of The Apostles, his warm interest in his pupils, his own empiric and exploring temper, all had induced a loyalty, not to causes, but to people and their friendship. He did not mean his teaching to be for the lecture-room alone; it must go out into the world, to be applied, to

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The Listener

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Editorial

‘THERE is no small group of men whose view of life is likely to be transferred so thoroughly—or so imperceptibly—to their fellow-men’, writes Mr. Tom Hopkinson in our pages this week, ‘as the dozen or so editors of our leading newspapers and periodicals’. How fortunate that these powerful men do not, like other small groups one could think of, speak with the same voice! It is, indeed, one consolation of an editor’s life that he is at least making an individual contribution—a contribution different from that which any other editor would make; and the consolation springs not from feelings of egoism or vanity, but merely from the pleasure that lies in the contemplation of variety. In a world that is becoming increasingly conscious of uniforms and so, one might say, of uniformity, the encouragement of variety, of individuality, of independent thought and outlook, is a task that any editor may warm to. Fortunately the material that he has to deal with is mainly the product of highly individual minds.

The chief glory of every people, it has been said, arises from its authors; and in so far as journalists are guardians of freedom their work also may perhaps claim to possess a value transcending the inherent merit or otherwise of what they write. Of such material, varying in degrees of ‘glory’, a great editor, if not the only begetter, is often the chief inspirer; but whatever kind of editor he is, he has or should have before him a rich assortment. His preoccupation then is with choice and presentation. Here his own individuality faces its main challenge. The influences playing round an editor’s chair vary in number and intensity with the kind of journal he is editing and, let it be said, with the kind of individual he or she is. One editor may draw inspiration from his numerous ‘contacts’, may even welcome advice; another will prefer the lonely furrow, avoiding the chance or danger of any sort of influence. Inevitable that whatever decisions he arrives at he will incur somebody’s displeasure—and if an editor finds that incurring other people’s displeasure is a heavier burden than he can bear, he had best seek other work.

But in facing his challenge what is there to guide him? Mr. Hopkinson offers some principles with which, we imagine, few editors would seriously disagree. Yet when all is said, it is with the interpretation of these, or any other, principles that an editor has to concern himself. What are the qualities required? Almost any list one cared to draw up would be incomplete. Yet one or two qualities seem obvious. An editor would, we fancy, find the road harder than it need be if he does not quickly develop a working knowledge of his own mind and an ability to make it up; if he does not cultivate within himself a hard core of scepticism—which must on no account partake of cynicism; if he does not act justly as between those who criticise and those who are criticised in the pages of his paper; if when he makes mistakes (as he often does) he shirks the duty of admitting them. These few elementary virtues—some of them negative—may be improved upon and most certainly added to. A good editor for example will do what he can to seek out and encourage the young writer. Basically an editor’s job is in the field of journalism to organise other people’s work, and so to organise it that each part of it and the whole of it together shall in his own freely exercised judgment every day or every week show to the best advantage. The test of his success? One possible test is whether the paper he edits is read and continues to be read by the people for whom it is intended.

What They Are Saying

‘Appealing to a ventriloquist against his dummy’

UP TO THE TIME OF WRITING there has been no comment from Moscow or eastern Europe on the Western Powers’ Note to Russia calling for a conference of the four Foreign Ministers in Washington on July 23. But Moscow broadcasts before the Note was sent insisted that there was ‘no sense’ in having a meeting if the questions of the Atlantic Treaty and the American bases were not discussed. One Moscow broadcast stated that the Western Powers were ‘moving towards a refusal to summon a session of the Foreign Ministers by refusing to include these questions on the agenda’. Another Moscow broadcast asserted that there was ‘no foundation whatever’ for the Western Powers to refuse to adopt the Soviet proposal on these questions.

From France, the left-wing independent *Franc-Tireur* was quoted as listing the concessions already made from the western side, and continuing:

Having obtained what they had till then treated as a *sine qua non* condition, the Soviet Union raised a new No. 1 point, the reduction of armaments. Having obtained this new concession, they chose yet a further No. 1 point, and issued their ultimatum: discussion of the Pact and the American bases, or no conference at all. To give way to communist blackmail would be to admit that a pact concluded in 1949 can be considered the principal cause of tension. It would also be to build up contradiction and bad faith into international institutions.

The Socialist *Le Populaire*, while of the opinion that the agenda negotiations could still go on even if Moscow rejected the Western Note, went on:

It is for Moscow to decide whether or not it still wants a Foreign Ministers’ meeting. We have been forced to the conclusion that it no longer wants one. Moscow may dwell on the refusal of the Western Powers to include the Atlantic Pact on the agenda, but the rejection of a conference which Russia requested in the first place will not help to make her appear a champion of peace.

From Australia, the *Sydney Morning Herald* was quoted for the remark that sending a Note to Moscow on this subject was rather like appealing to a ventriloquist against his dummy, and the paper went on:

By one of those curious upside-down arguments familiar to all who have attempted to negotiate with Moscow, the treaty and the military precautions of the United States and her allies are presented as causes of the present international tension, whereas they are really the effects of the aggressive policy pursued by Russia since the war.

Meanwhile, one of the controversial questions on the agenda—German demilitarisation—continued to be the subject of a spate of propaganda from Moscow and eastern Germany. On June 3 the people of the Soviet zone of Germany began voting in the so-called ‘peace’ plebiscite, and for days beforehand innumerable broadcasts called for a maximum vote against the remilitarisation of Germany and in favour of a German peace treaty this year. On the opening day of the plebiscite, the main Soviet zone radio station broadcast a church service, during which listeners were told that ‘whoever fails to vote “Yes” in the plebiscite will one day have to justify himself before God’. Meanwhile, Moscow broadcasts directed to countries bordering on Germany stressed the dangers to those countries from the remilitarisation of Western Germany. Thus, the French audience was told that German ‘revenge-mongers’ had now been authorised to work on their own atomic weapons and new flying bombs; that Hitlerite generals now in the service of the Pentagon were specialists in the conduct of operations against France; and that, in short, the remilitarisation of western Germany threatened France ‘with imminent danger of a new German invasion’.

Great publicity was given last week to the Chinese-Tibetan agreement in broadcasts from the communist world. The British people were assured by Moscow radio that the Panchen Lama and over 1,000 lamas in Tibet had signed the World Peace Council appeal. Another Moscow broadcast, quoting a *Pravda* despatch from Peking, told of the ‘rejoicings’ over the ‘liberation’, and of the Chinese people’s expressed determination to struggle for the liberation of Formosa also. The Chinese radio transmitted a statement by the Panchen Lama and his ‘staff’, in which it was said that henceforth the Tibetan people would enjoy all the rights of the other fraternal nationalities of China, and ‘our religious beliefs, customs and habits will be duly respected’. The entry of the Chinese Liberation Army into Tibet, added the statement, would further safeguard the Tibetan people from imperialist invasion and oppression.

Did You Hear That?

CATTLE RANCHES IN THE HIGHLANDS

'I HAVE JUST COME BACK from the Highlands', said McDONALD PRAIN in a Home Service talk. 'I have been up there looking over new cattle-rearing estates, and talking with a few hard-headed practical men who believe the millions of acres of bracken-infested, sheep-sick land lying derelict in the north can be made to produce great herds of beef cattle. In Lochaber, Glen Farrar, and Glen Lochay, I have seen the opening rounds of this battle to bring the heart back into the old Highland grazings. I have seen gangs of workmen building new cattle pens; mechanical drainers cutting deep herring-bone patterns into the hillsides, and houses with hot water and electric light being built for families who will go back to re-occupy derelict hill farms.'

'It is an exciting story, and I heard the opening chapter of it from Captain Ben Coutts, the manager of a new 20,000-acre estate in Perthshire which stretches up Glen Lochay and over the top of the mountains into Crianlarich. We went up the glen, bumping over the rough hill roads in a truck with a couple of bales of hay in the back to ballast it down. It was wild desolate-looking country. Great threatening grey clouds of sleet gathered high up in the crags and corries of the surrounding mountains, then swept down the treeless glen, blotting out the landscape and spattering the wind-screen with blobs of melting snow. Even then, in the first week in May, the snowline was still well down on the hillsides.'

'On the way up, Ben told me how they had driven the first herd of cross Highland cattle up there in 1942. At that time there were only about a couple of thousand sheep scattered over the hills, picking up what little grass they could find among the bracken and rough heather. But since the cattle had been introduced to the glen it was a different story. He stopped the truck beside a ruined cattle pen to point out large patches of green grass which had begun to spring up where the herd had trampled down the bracken and cropped the coarse grass. "Now look over on the other side of the glen", he said. "That's what happens when you run sheep without cattle to fertilise the land". The whole hillside was a dingy grey colour with tussocks of old molinia grass and bracken choking the soil and smothering the new growth.'

'We drove on about a mile up the glen alongside a river running fast with the cold clear water from the melting snows on Ben Lawers. When I got out of the truck to open and shut the cattle gates, a thin wind stung my cheeks. Then, round a sharp bend in the road, we came on the first of the cattle. It was a wonderful sight—about a dozen shaggy brown highland cows and calves, browsing in the shelter of a green hummock. The noise of the truck sent the calves frisking up to their mothers' heels, where they stood gazing unbelievably at us. One calf had been born only a few hours before we arrived, and the mother stopped licking it while it wobbled up on four very unsteady long legs. It seemed to me a pretty tough start in life to be born up there in the open without any artificial shelter or veterinary assistance of any kind, but Ben explained that the whole idea in raising hill cattle is to breed into them a strong natural constitutional resistance to the elements.

Highland cattle are slow to mature, but in Glen Lochay they are crossing them with the Shorthorn to breed a Highland cross, a fine hardy strain of beef cattle, and every year they are sending more and more young bullocks down to the rich pastures of the lowlands for fattening'.

EXPLORERS' RELICS

'The Museum of Exploration in the Royal Geographical Society', said L. P. KIRWAN, Director of the Society, in a Home Service talk, 'is a museum of personal relics of famous British explorers, helped in one

way or another by the Society and mostly, though not all, of the nineteenth century. Some of these relics were left to us by the explorers themselves, or by their families. Others were brought back by later expeditions following on the tracks of these pioneers—from Africa, South America, Asia, or the snow and ice of the polar regions. Gathered together like this, at different times and by different people, it is difficult to arrange them in any particular plan. Looking at them as a whole, they are, I must admit, a pretty odd collection and about as varied as the explorers, men and women, they represent.

'There are hats and caps; the battered sun-helmet, for instance, that Stanley wore when he met Livingstone in the African jungle. There is a frail-looking canvas bag, found with the huddled bodies of Scott and his companions, on their last tragic journey back from the South Pole; it contains the last supplies left at the last camp of a historic expedition. Then there are explorers' diaries and letters and sketch maps; a complete Eskimo hunting canoe, a *kayak*, from East Greenland; a "Valentine" from Central Africa; a tattered fragment of a white ensign from a vanished polar expedition; and a necklace of snail-shells from the wilds of Brazil.

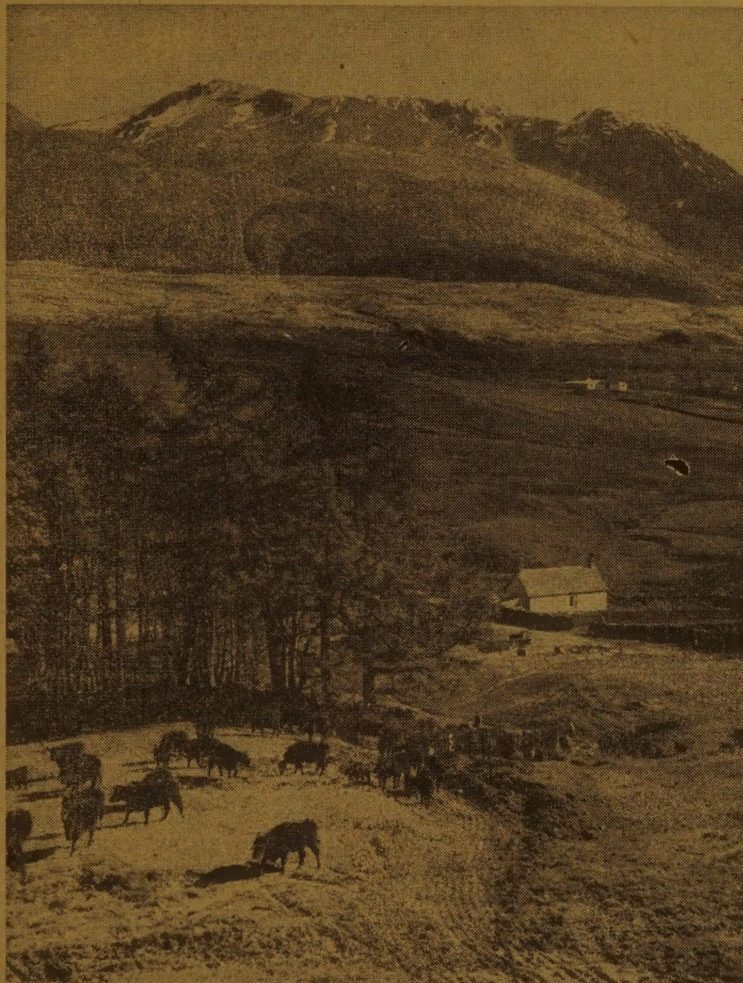
'We have other relics of Livingstone, like his patent folding camp-

chair and desk combined that went with him everywhere, his prayer-book stained by years of travel through dank jungle and swamp, and some great iron slave-chains that he brought back with him to Britain to show the British public something of the human miseries of slave-dealing. Indeed, this was the main object of his fanatical battle alone against the unimagined dangers and diseases of a then totally unknown Central Africa: to put an end once and for all to the slave trade by opening up the country to European and especially Christian influences, and incidentally to European commerce.

'One of the hats in our museum looks about as far removed from exploration as anything could be. It is a little round, flat-topped fur hat. That is probably not a professional way of describing it, but anyway it is the sort of thing Victorian ladies wore on polite occasions. It belonged to Mary Kingsley, one of the two or three famous women travellers whose relics have a place in our curious collection.

'There are quite a few relics in our collection which have been found in remote parts of the world, which, in fact, mark the tracks of the explorers themselves across swamp and jungle, desert and mountain, snow and ice—especially snow and ice.

'There are, for instance, the heavy silver spoon and the remains of



Cattle ranch in the Scottish Highlands

the White Ensign found on the shores of King William Land, in the north polar regions. These are relics of the days when His Majesty's ships set out on polar expeditions full of fantastically heavy equipment, suitable enough no doubt for a Victorian dinner table but by modern standards not at all the sort of thing you would expect to have to carry by sledge across the ice. They are relics of the expedition of Sir John Franklin which in the middle of the nineteenth century discovered the route through the islands of the Canadian Arctic and the Bering Straits from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. Both the expedition's ships, the *Erebus* and the *Terror*, were beset in the ice in 1846 and abandoned two years later. And years afterwards the Eskimos were still telling stories of how their ancestors had found a great white ship, silent and encrusted with the ice of winter, and how one of them, braver than the rest, ran up the deserted gangway and snatched a knife off the deck, and had seen the spreadeagled body of a white man, the last man on board. Near the ship were the footprints of men and dogs who had tried to escape across the ice to the distant Canadian mainland, dragging their heavy sledges and boots till at last their food gave out.

'Some of our polar relics are relics of food left by expeditions or explorers. We have some chocolate dating from 1849—a little hard perhaps but not at all bad—and a ship's biscuit at least as old which, like Livingstone's cap, is now being exhibited in the Dome of Discovery. And we have a tin of meat, clumsily made by modern standards, though the contents when it was opened nearly a century later were found to be almost as good as the day they were packed and placed in the polar frigidaire. Then there is some leaf tobacco, dating from 1824 and apparently smoked in 1873 with much enjoyment. All this makes me wonder sometimes what future explorers will find in the polar regions. The American Antarctic Expedition led by Admiral Byrd a few years ago left behind a large number of aeroplanes which won't be quite so easy for a Museum of Exploration'.

THREE FAMOUS DIAMONDS

Speaking about diamonds in 'Mainly for Women', JOHN MARTIN said that 'the famous Koh-i-Noor is recognised as the Methuselah of them all. Its history is said to date back 5,000 years—at any rate almost to a vanishing point, so that no one can verify statements concerning its origin. It is believed to have been found on the banks of the Godavari River in South India and that originally it weighed about 1,000 carats. But its history has been definitely known since the fourteenth century—at a time when it happened to be in the hands of the Mogul Emperors. Then, very much later on, Nadir Shah, the Persian conqueror, took it, together with other spoils, from Delhi in the year 1739, and on his death the stone passed successively into the possession of several different Indian princes. But it is to Nadir Shah that we owe the name "Koh-i-Noor"—translated as meaning the "Mountain of Light"—"because it was a diamond", so the story goes, "whose centre rose to a peak, and out of that peak, and from its sides, came the glitter of eternity". Legend had it that whoever owned the Koh-i-Noor would rule the world, even though its possession endangered the position and the life of its owner, unless that owner were a woman. By 1862, thousands of years after its discovery, we find that this stone had in the course of its history been whittled down to 108 carats. It then came to Europe for the first time in the form of a present from the East India Company to Queen Victoria. She wore it as a brooch. Today it adorns the State Crown of Queen Mary.

'What of the supposedly luckless "Hope diamond"? Here again—the history of the original stone is lost in antiquity. It was, however, assumed on fairly good authority during the last century that what we know as the "Hope diamond" today was a stone which was part of the exceptionally rare blue diamond of 112 carats originally bought in India in 1642 and then subsequently sold to Louis XIV. Later it was stolen from the Royal Treasury during the French Revolution. Of course, so well known a diamond, of such a rare colour, could not easily be sold intact in any market in Europe without positive detection. The thieves, or thief, quite

obviously realised this, for in 1830 quite as exceptional a blue gem as that belonging to Louis XIV came into the market, but of a very much smaller size—44 carats. This, the experts then maintained, in all probability was a portion of the original stone. Shortly afterwards it passed into the hands of Henry Thomas Hope, the banker, for £18,000 and his name appears to have stuck to the stone to this very day. But the story of bad luck, which so relentlessly pursued the successive owners, has been proved to have very little foundation.

'A very different story emerges from what we know of the history of the ill-fated Habsburg diamond, which is now in the possession of King Farouk of Egypt. It weighs eleven carats only, but oddly enough it is another blue-white jewel, reputed to have been given to Marco Polo by Ogdai Khan, the Mogol warrior chieftain. But we do know that ever since the stone came into the possession of Emperor Rudolf II in the sixteenth century it has brought nothing but tragedy to the various members of the Austrian royal household who have worn it. This series of tragedies culminated in the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand at Sarajevo in 1914. His wife, the Duchess, wore the luckless stone as the couple drove together on that fateful day. What is to happen now that King Farouk has it? "If it brought misfortune to Christians, it does not imply that it will do the same to Moslems", he is supposed to have declared'.

CRITICISM TO CREATION

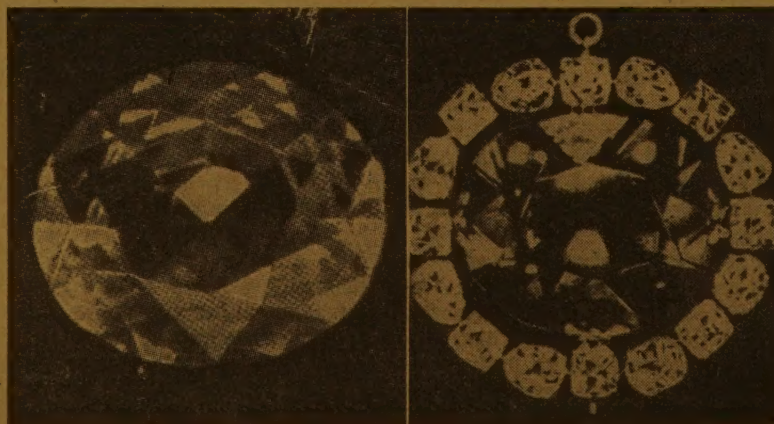
'It is easy to criticise', said P. HILARY GREEN in a Home Service talk, 'and it is particularly easy to do so when your hair is long, your time your own and you can be sure of an intelligent audience: in fact, when you are at Cambridge.'

'I now remember with a pleasant feeling of nostalgia the days when I played the occasional role of film critic for a university magazine. After a pleasant evening at the cinema of my choice—one couldn't be expected to visit every show in the manner of the professionals on the dailies—I would spend a day or so turning and polishing a few succinct phrases by which the review, if not the film, might be remembered. I even had the temerity to lecture on the subject, and I could compare the styles of such foreign directors as René Clair and Marcel Carné with an ease that might have astounded those two gentlemen, had they been able to hear me. I sat for two hours watching the silent masterpieces of the cinema that the Film Society showed in its terminal programmes, and, if I dealt shortly with any artistic or technical errors that I spotted, then I must remind you that benches and chairs are never so hard as when you are watching a silent film in a draughty hall to the noisy clatter of a projector. Yes, it is difficult to be a good critic, but it is terribly easy to criticise.'

'It wasn't until my third and last year that a group of us decided to take the plunge and make a film ourselves. There was perhaps nothing very remarkable about this. In three years I had heard of many decisions for productions ranging from a surrealist ballet short, set in the buttercup meadows of Grantchester, to a cinematic interpretation of "Macbeth" rewritten, but they had one thing in common: they were never started, let alone finished. But here was something different. I learned that the Film Society of the German University of Heidelberg was anxious to make an exchange visit; it seemed an ideal opportunity. This was the film for students to make, a film about student life in Germany today; in fact, "Student of Heidelberg".'

'Having made the final arrangements, I had to decide who was to go. Suddenly from every college and faculty there appeared embryo film directors, all professing equal expertness, but with an eye to expenses it was clear we would have to do with the very minimum, and finally the unit emerged five strong; producer, director, cameraman, electrician and continuity girl.

'I'm glad to say that it's now ready, eighteen months off schedule, but ready—just another of those twenty-minute documentaries. But if you should happen to see it, don't be too critical. If my experience means anything, it is easy to criticise films, but take my word for it—it is another thing to make them'.



The Koh-i-Noor diamond, after recutting, and (right) the Hope diamond

The Reawakening of Asia—III

Japan's Reaction to Western Culture

By SIR GEORGE SANSON

WHEN I was a small boy, midway in the eighteen-nineties, I was taken to see a new battleship which had been built in England and was lying in the Thames ready to be navigated to Japan by its complement of Japanese naval officers and men. While the grown-ups were being shown round by an officer, I slipped away to the lower deck, where I found a number of bluejackets off duty. I started by being very patronising, for even at that early age I had an idea that Orientals were inferior people, physically weak and mentally backward, born to be subdued and ordered about by Europeans, or at any rate by Englishmen. Made bold by some such delusions, I offered to wrestle with one of the sailors, who pretended to be much afraid, but soon, with a smile and a turn of the wrist, deposited me gently on my back. Then, feeling rather discouraged, I turned to some other sailors who were seated at a mess-table reading and writing. I discovered that they were working at algebra and geometry, and other subjects which I had supposed to be in some way reserved for Englishmen, and pretty difficult at that. I was surprised and humiliated, but not for long, since those blue-jackets, like all their compatriots, had a genius for making children happy.

European Admiration for the Orient

I do not suggest that this trivial incident was symbolic of relationships between east and west. I mention it only because I suppose that my childish feelings reflected the general attitude of unthinking Europeans towards Oriental peoples at that date. I believe it to have been a new attitude. It belonged to the nineteenth century, for there is little sign in earlier European literature of any feeling of racial or cultural superiority. From Marco Polo's day the feeling about the Chinese and Japanese, if there was any considered view at all, was one of admiration; and by the eighteenth century, thanks chiefly to the reports of Jesuit missionaries in Asia, European writers, especially the French, were praising the Chinese highly for their philosophy, their aesthetics, their form of government, their social system and their civic competence. The Japanese, though less well known, were also the object of wonder and curiosity. They had been praised by St. Francis Xavier, and in 1577 a Visitor-General of the Jesuits had written from Japan: 'These people are in no sense barbarous. Excluding the advantage of religion we ourselves in comparison with them are most barbarous. I learn something from them every day, and I am sure that in the whole universe there is no people so well gifted by nature'.

It was not only missionaries who spoke in this way of the people among whom they worked. Will Adams, the English navigator, wrote to the East India Company in 1611, saying: 'The people of this island are good by nature, courteous above measure and valiant in war'; and as late as 1845 the captain of an English frigate wrote from Nagasaki reporting that 'the gentlemen of Japan were most polite and courteous, conducting themselves with refined and polished urbanity'.

Why is it that in the nineteenth century in particular eastern peoples were, to put it mildly, underestimated by western peoples? One reason, certainly, was pure ignorance. Another, no doubt, was a pardonable but complacent pride in the achievements of western science. Here the eastern peoples were manifestly backward. They had no Copernicus, no Newton, no theory of evolution that explained everything, no complicated machines and no powerful weapons of war. The ignorance was, of course, mutual. While blaming ourselves we need not suppose that the Far Eastern peoples were free from racial prejudice. The Chinese, even when confronted with western military might, continued to regard us as barbarians. They even went so far as to identify us with those red-haired, blue-eyed, big-nosed and malicious demons who were the imaginary creatures of their own folk-lore.

As for the Japanese, a hospitable people usually friendly to foreigners, even they had a habit of describing Europeans and Americans as hairy barbarians; and in 1868, when the feudal regime had been abolished, certain notables thought it wise to say publicly that it was time to abandon the foolish habit of describing foreigners as dogs and goats.

Thereafter the Japanese as a nation set out to pay the west a great compliment by adopting almost indiscriminately its characteristic institutions. As everybody knows, they were the first Asian people to do this in a thoroughgoing manner. They were the first to sense a danger from the west and to take active measures to guard against it.

Before discussing what that danger was, or what it seemed like to the Japanese, it is interesting, and it may be important, to look at the intercourse between Europe and Asia in a somewhat broader perspective. Professor Toynbee in his introductory talk has already pointed out that the Asian peoples have been feeling the pressure of a western offensive since Vasco da Gama landed at Calicut in 1498; and certainly 1498 is a crucial date in the history of Asia. It was then that the Portuguese began to dominate maritime trade in the eastern seas, to establish fortified posts and to occupy territory in Asian countries. But for a long time—I will not try to be precise—their foothold was precarious. They went to India 'in search of spices and Christians', as they themselves said; and they were interested in trade and converts rather than colonial possessions. The pressure they were able to exert was not in general strong enough to make any great impact on the minds of Asian peoples or to bring about any significant change in their lives.

By the end of the sixteenth century the Dutch and the English had come on to the scene, and before long they were ruling or in other ways dominating considerable areas of Asian soil, but still without disturbing the main currents of social and economic life in India and south-east Asia. Those were regions long accustomed to alien rule, and to them one conqueror was very much like another. Indeed I doubt whether even well into the eighteenth century the presence of Dutch, French and English generals and pro-consuls had affected the thoughts and habits of more than a handful of Hindus, Moslems and Buddhists. In Burma and Indo-China European influence was limited and erratic, while in Malaya and Indonesia Islamic culture was, I believe, a much more powerful influence than the early colonising activities of the Portuguese and the Dutch.

Whether I am right or wrong in suggesting that India and south-east Asia remained for three centuries—from about 1500 to about 1800—comparatively unmoved by western pressure, there can be no doubt about the attitude of China and Japan. Their reaction was definite, but negative. Both countries were determined not to be affected by western pressure but to preserve their culture from what they called the contamination of foreign ideas and customs. They did not refuse to admit foreigners, but they kept them under strict watch and punished them if they broke the law. They were firmly governed states, strong enough to resist encroachments on their sovereignty. This fact was soon perceived by the Portuguese, who after some initial blunders confined themselves to negotiating for modest trade privileges, which were not always granted. They saw that they could not rely upon force or political intrigue, as they had done in India—which was disunited—and in south-east Asian countries, which were weak and usually ill-governed.

Far Eastern Rejection of Foreign Influence

Consequently, although the Portuguese and later the Dutch and the English were admitted to trade with China and Japan, those two countries were able, at least until the end of the eighteenth century, to resist foreign pressure when they thought fit. The Chinese admitted Catholic missionaries, but more than 200 years of highly-organised and skilful Christian propaganda brought about no change in the moral and religious beliefs of the people and no modification of their social and political life. In Japan, where Jesuit missionaries were at first treated in a tolerant fashion, Christians were frequently persecuted after 1587, and Christianity was finally banned; while as a last step in the rejection of foreign influence all Europeans were expelled, except for a few Dutch traders confined in Nagasaki.

Though it is European pressure upon Asia that we are discussing, we must not forget that in the sixteenth century Japan herself was very near to becoming a colonial power in Asia. Unlike other Asian countries, she was looking outward at that time. China and India had some foreign

trade, but it was of no great importance to them, since their vast economies were virtually self-sufficient. Japan, on the other hand, was rather poor in natural resources, and her merchant ships were trading with China, Korea and south-east Asia from the fourteenth century, if not earlier. Much of this trade was highly illegitimate and piratical. It took the form of piratical raids upon the coasts of Korea and China and it was largely because of the ravages of Japanese freebooters that the anxious Ming government forbade Chinese shipping to leave Chinese waters and China entered upon an era of seclusion. This was at a time when European countries were on the threshold of a great age of maritime expansion. When the first Europeans visited Japan about 1543 the Japanese themselves were in an expansive mood. It was a time of civil war, when contending feudal chieftains saw in foreign trade a means of increasing their wealth and their military power.

Firearms from the Foreigner

The foreigners could be of great use in this matter. They had fine sea-going ships, they were skilled navigators and—what was most important and gratifying—they could supply firearms. These weapons had hitherto been unknown to Japan and it is not going too far to say that the matchlocks carried by those first Portuguese travellers played a very important part in Japanese history. They created much excitement and were soon copied by Japanese artisans. There is no doubt that it was the military capacity of the Portuguese which most impressed the rulers of Japan and disposed them to welcome foreign traders and missionaries. Within a year or so Portuguese armed trading ships began to bring warlike stores to Japan—saltpetre, for instance, was much in demand for making gunpowder—and Japanese war-lords great and small were pressing Portuguese captains to enter their harbours, offering as an inducement to give support to Jesuit missionaries.

So trade increased, and missions prospered, despite occasional persecution. The Portuguese were followed by Dutch traders, who did pretty well, and English traders, who did rather badly. The great military leaders now had high ambitions. They planned an invasion of China and for that purpose sent strong expeditionary forces to Korea, which were defeated and withdrew. This was between 1590 and 1600. In these campaigns Japanese Christian generals were entrusted with high commands and at that time there were some 300,000 Christian converts in Japan, and their numbers were increasing. The Japanese showed themselves much interested in foreign commerce. They were anxious to increase their merchant fleet and ready to extend their foreign intercourse. But from about 1615 they began to change their minds, and by 1640 Japan had entered upon a period of seclusion which was to last for over 200 years.

Of all Asian countries Japan had given the Europeans the most ready welcome and the most violent dismissal. Portuguese envoys who came to Nagasaki to plead for a renewal of trade in 1640 were put to death. The reasons for this sudden reversal of policy are pretty clear. Fear of foreign intervention was the strongest motive. The country had just been politically unified after a long-drawn-out civil war and the ruling faction feared a rising of disaffected feudal barons with foreign military support.

While their country was closed the Japanese devoted themselves to the arts of peace and developed their own culture on traditional lines. Their fears of intervention were probably unjustified, for European naval power in the seventeenth century was not so great as they supposed. Even in the eighteenth century it is doubtful whether any European state had designs upon Japan, since they were all fully occupied elsewhere. It was in the early nineteenth century that there was some real cause for alarm. By then naval architecture and gunnery had made great strides, and the Japanese had become aware in a general way of the scientific progress of the west. The most far-sighted among them saw that Japan was defenceless and recommended the reopening of the country. Japan, they said, should engage in foreign trade, promote the study of western science, particularly military science, and rapidly build up her own military strength by the use of modern weapons. The Government vacillated, and even punished its critics; but the danger became more and more apparent as foreign warships began to appear off the coast of Japan. But nothing much came of these incidents, for the European powers were engaged in the Napoleonic wars and had not yet turned their full attention to the Pacific. It was the Anglo-Chinese war of 1840—the so-called Opium War—that made the deepest and most alarming impression throughout the Far East, and particularly in Japan. The destruction of Chinese warships by an English squadron without any loss to itself brought home to the Japanese their own weakness and their own danger. When an American

squadron appeared in Japanese waters a dozen years later, the Japanese Government knew very well that they could not resist the American demand that the country should be opened. They gave way and signed a treaty; and there can be no doubt that in the same moment the national policy was determined. Japan would resist, and if need be attack, the west by using western weapons. That meant not merely replacing the sword by the gun, the war-junk by the battleship, but adopting all the technological features which gave to western countries their superior military and industrial strength.

This was a bold decision to take. It needed for its execution a strong national pride combined with a reforming zeal that was lacking in other Asian countries. It is an interesting point that the new rulers of Japan—those who came into power soon after the reopening of the country—were the leaders not only of a revolution in Japan but also of a revolution in Asia. Japan was the first exponent of nationalism in Asia, while other countries lagged behind her until she had won her victory over Russia in 1905. That was fifty years after she had signed her first treaties with western powers, and only then did other eastern countries believe that the west was not invincible.

Professor Toynbee reminded us a fortnight ago that the re-emergence of Asia as a major factor in world affairs is a return to the normal condition of the world since antiquity. In discussing the case of Japan I have tried to show that western supremacy is of quite recent origin and has rested upon scientific and technical achievements which are comparatively new in western history. I think it should also be said that those achievements have in some measure depended upon Asia. Quite apart from the earliest contributions of Asia to the intellectual progress of mankind, we ought to remember that the great voyages of discovery stimulated research and invention, while the wealth gained in trade with the Indies was an important factor in the industrial development of the west, since it supplied much of the essential capital and raw materials.

We do not always remember how dependent we have been on the products of Asia for the richness of our own lives. I am reminded of this by my reference to the Opium War as a danger signal to Japan. One of the causes of that war was the inability of the English traders in Canton to finance their purchases of silk and tea and other Chinese goods. The Chinese needed none of our products and insisted upon payment in silver or gold. The foreign traders hit upon the idea of selling opium to China in order to balance imports against exports; and it was a quarrel upon this point that led to hostilities. This was not a new problem. Ever since the days of Roman trade with India and China, Europe wanted more goods from Asia than Asia wanted from Europe. Roman writers complained of the drain of gold to Asia and so did the critics of the East India Company of Queen Anne's day. It was not until we could supply manufactured goods in quantity to Asia that the flow of gold was reversed. Stated in its simplest terms, our supremacy in Asia depended upon our machines. Now we still have a lead in machines, but Asia is catching up. I need not enlarge on this theme, but perhaps it is relevant to mention that a few months ago in Japan I found that American press photographers in Korea were using cameras of Japanese manufacture, which they found superior to their own. And one of my colleagues at an American university is a Japanese professor of nuclear physics who lately won a Nobel prize.

Japan's Century-old Watchword

Such things should not astonish anybody in the west today. I cite them because they remind me of the watchword of Japan a hundred years ago, which was 'Eastern morals and Western knowledge'. It was perhaps not a happy choice of watchword, because it really begs the question. It expresses crudely the desire of Asian people to defend their own cultures while building up strong modern states. But it postulates that eastern morals are superior—which I for one cannot admit—and it assumes that a re-awakened Asia can easily construct a new industrial society without sacrificing the essence of its own traditions.

I do not know the answer to this question, and I am not sure that the experience of Japan throws any light upon it. All I can say is that, having lately travelled from India to Japan, I am alarmed by the magnitude and difficulty of the problem of population throughout that great region. The Japanese, the first to use modern technology for the increase of their resources, have not solved it. Their population has grown faster than the means for its support and their economic situation gives cause for anxiety. As an example of the process of modernisation it does not encourage one to look forward to a peaceful reconstruction of Asian life.—*From a talk in the Third Programme*

Les Peintres et les Spectacles

By DOUGLAS COOPER

I WANT to talk around some pictures by French artists of the nineteenth century which depict what the French call '*les spectacles*'. Some represent scenes at the theatre, the music-hall or the circus; some show the performers, others only the public; some are scenes in cabarets or dance-halls, others are set in bars or cafes.

The pictures which I have in mind represent real and not imaginary scenes, and they are a wonderful record of the artists' physical

and other places of public entertainment, but they are not all intended as records of actual performances, as were, for example, Zoffany's theatrical paintings. And in France this approach to the theatre had a respectable ancestry. For one of her greatest artists—Watteau—who was inspired by the theatre and painted several masterpieces based on scenes from the *Comedie Italienne*, was nevertheless not strictly a theatrical painter. Watteau often set his pictures as though on some stage. For to him the stage was a means of creating a mirage, a dream-image of some ideal but nevertheless human existence. All his pictures hover outside space and time, perilously poised between this world and the world of poetic imagination. For Watteau the theatre was the doorway to a fictitiously picturesque, *galant* and romantic existence. So that when he looked closely at a stock theatrical character such as Gilles, the timid simpleton, he could, by his powerful imagination, endow him with individuality and life and turn him pictorially into a penetrating symbol of man's potential joy or suffering. Watteau was not concerned with back-stage life, with technical effects, with the individual personalities of the actors, nor with anything which happens in front of the curtain. These interests were not discovered till the nineteenth century. But then the nineteenth-century painters looked on the stage as an illusion behind which lurked reality. They were brought back to earth by it rather than transported to a fairy-world. To them every performer was a human being miraculously transformed by light and by make-up. In the theatre, the music-hall, the circus or a cabaret, these painters found not only their eyes but also their intelligence engaged; and in their works they proved the claim of that



'Dancing-girls arranging their toilet', by Degas

as well as their visual pleasures. Therein lay part of their novelty, for until the nineteenth century artists did not depict life as it really is. But the Impressionists took advantage of the artistic liberties established by their immediate predecessors, and nothing was considered unworthy of their attention. By day their eyes could be fascinated by the spectacle of a bull-fight, by a crowd on the boulevard, a railway station or a group of road-menders. By night they followed their fellow-citizens to other haunts, where sunlight was replaced by gaslight and where they could watch the human body going through every conceivable movement and gesture. Movement, life and reality were three things which interested them above all. But their choice of spectacle followed no programme. For they were not intent on preaching a philosophy nor on exposing society's ills.

Here I must explain that the pictures which I have in mind—by Daumier and by Manet, by Renoir, Degas and Seurat, by Toulouse-Lautrec, Bonnard, Mary Cassatt and others—are not in the conventional sense theatrical paintings at all. They have to do with the theatre



'La Goulue' and her sister at the Moulin Rouge', by Toulouse-Lautrec

editor of a Parisian guide-book who wrote: '*Les plaisirs de Paris sont à la fois des plaisirs des yeux et de l'intelligence*'.

From Watteau let us now leap one hundred and fifty years to the theatrical scenes of Daumier. There you have the measure of the changed vision of the nineteenth century. At one step you are carried into the auditorium, which is populated with human beings, and the theatre has become a place of grim reality, a manifestation of life. Drama behind the footlights, drama in the audience, a tense excited bourgeois public craning from the gallery and the stalls to see what happens on the stage, whether it be a gory melodrama or Crispin and Scapin plotting some new roguery. Now Daumier's interest was in the characterisation of types, and in the theatre he found that artificial light emphasised expressive characteristics because it flattened out inessential detail and simplified forms. You will see what I mean if you look at his '*Malade Imaginaire*' watercolours, in which the footlights are reflected on the faces of the actors. In these Daumier anticipated by several years some of the boldest expressive means used by Degas and Lautrec. Yet here we must make a distinction. The later artists were pictorially far more subtle, for they were visually far more dispassionate and did not need to resort to caricature to achieve an effect.

Daumier's Realism

Daumier, whose theatrical paintings may be dated some time during the eighteen-sixties, was the first artist of the new generation, with Manet, who became interested in the theatre. But Daumier's realism was almost of a literary order. So it is not surprising that it should have been Daumier the ardent liberal who first exploited pictorially the pathos and drudgery attending life in an ambulant circus. His own clowns, jugglers, acrobats and barkers lead on inevitably to those in the works of Seurat and the early Picasso. In fact, if for a moment one can overlook the differences in method between the three artists and think only of what each of them saw in this form of life, then the link becomes obvious. Each of them treats the subject realistically, and it is the human sympathy of each which has been aroused. None of them saw *la vie foraine* as a glorious, carefree, romantic existence, and in their hands circus performers became tragic symbols—noble human beings broken and rejected by an ungrateful society which they are condemned eternally to entertain. If you want to see the other view of the circus, then look at Renoir's '*Portrait of a Clown at the Cirque Fernando*', painted in 1868. There he stands in the middle of the arena, wearing butterfly-covered tights, his hair on end and his face white, holding a violin. But this is a clown with no air of tragedy whatever; he has neither contempt nor misery written on his face, but only a great deal of good-humoured fun and a certain arrogance.

All too often the great painters of the last hundred years are presented as being almost exclusively interested in accomplishing technical feats or in practising art for art's sake. Thus we are told that the Impressionists painted light or that the Cubists painted forms. It is true that these painters have been to a great extent concerned with solving some technical problems of representation and also that many of them have experimented with new uses of colour. But then we must remember that it fell to them to rescue painting from being put to false mimetic or descriptive purposes by those whose artistic purpose was not better than that of a photographer or a newspaper reporter. However, do not let us forget that great painting is never devoid of human significance; it is always directly related to man's life and experience. Even the most hermetic cubist still-life with a glass, a pipe, a bottle of Bass, a packet of cigarettes, a piece of music or a guitar, and perhaps the word '*Bal*' or the word '*Bar*' is an eloquent symbol of some hour of pleasure and relaxation spent in a *café* or a dance-hall. So it was with nineteenth-century painting, too. The formalist aesthetic of a Roger Fry, who only wanted from a picture the ability to 'delight in certain visual relations regarded in and for themselves' is not only false but foolish. For painting is not just a matter of forms and colours. It is not '*visual relations*' which we are supposed to look for first in Renoir's '*Bal au Moulin de la Galette*', '*La Première Sortie*' or '*La Loge*'. Renoir meant us to be enveloped in an atmosphere; for, apart from the visual sensations which they recreate, these pictures reveal a way of life which we are encouraged to share. They are, that is to say, important social documents.

Huysmans objected that the light in Manet's '*Bar aux Folies-Bergère*' was not that of a theatre, yet it is perhaps this picture above all which best illustrates this famous music-hall in its heyday. Manet shows us enough of the smart boulevard public, of the trapeze artist and the decor to create an atmosphere. His central figure is Suzon

the pretty young barmaid, dressed in lace and black velvet, who stands looking glum while she is talked to by a respectable elderly gentleman in a top-hat, of whom we only see a reflection in the mirror. Yes, the girl has clearly been accosted. But though this picture is uncompromisingly realistic it is not a narrative picture. And it is fascinating to observe the purely pictorial means by which Manet brilliantly suggests both the atmosphere and the everyday occurrence without ever resorting to literary description. Even the expression of indifference on the girl's face in these garish and *mouvementé* surroundings adds point to our understanding of the flavour of this leading Parisian music-hall. '*The Folies-Bergère*' says the anonymous editor of a fascinating brochure called *Le Guide des Plaisirs à Paris*—'is frequented by all who find life too short to be spent in boredom and who desire to feast their eyes by looking all too closely at the most beautiful girls in Paris. The Folies-Bergère is the home of the aristocracy of the *demi-monde*. One is overcome by the odour of woman, which fills the whole place and drowns even the smell of Havana cigars'.

Manet was a fashionable *boulevardier* who frequented places of public entertainment for pleasure. Degas, on the other hand, went to these places to study. However, it was neither the ballet as such, nor any particular opera, play or cabaret artiste which he went to study. Degas went to the theatre to watch human beings and to observe the effects of light, and while studying he remained objective and detached. When Degas once became interested in a subject he studied it until he had extracted from it the last drop of truth. For, as he explained to his friend Froehlich on his return from America in 1872, art is a matter of concentrated observation.

Degas' visual curiosity knew no bounds, and his consuming interest was the life around him. So naturally he was attracted to *cafés*, to *café-concerts*, to circuses and to theatres. Once there his eye was fascinated by the facial expressions of the people he saw and particularly by the unforeseen transformations worked on them by reflections and light. Pictures such as '*La Chanson du Chien*' or '*Le Café-Concert des Ambassadeurs*' do convey something of the essentially Parisian atmosphere of this delightful *café* on the Champs Elysées. But their novelty lies especially in their conception, in the artist's way of making us look at natural things, and in the way he emphasises their most unusual aspects. The supreme example of Degas' struggle to attain a complete synthesis of a single subject is his endless series of ballet pictures. In these he wrestled alternately with the problems of artificial light and the unreal appearance of reality. And since Degas was not to be defeated by an illusion but was determined to follow the complete evolution of a gesture or a movement, he would often change his angle of vision. He would move from his seat in the stalls and study the dancers from a box, from the wings or even from above. And because Degas was an essentially serious student, he pursued the dancers to their dressing-rooms, observed them tying up their shoes, adjusting their shoulder straps or resting. Nor was this all, for Degas even penetrated to the rehearsal room in order to learn more fully how they managed to co-ordinate their muscular effort and disguise behind some seemingly graceful attitude their inevitable nervous tensions and fatigue.

Degas' View of the Theatre

Degas' paintings of the ballet are therefore an enormously concentrated anatomical record. He was not concerned with individual dancers, nor with their technical proficiency: in fact none of the dancers he painted was in any way remarkable. To Degas the theatre was a sort of public gymnasium where he could watch human beings making, naturally, the sort of movements and gestures which he could never quite recapture in the studio. To him dancers were, in other words, substitutes for lay-figures—necessary substitutes because Degas was determined to catch the reality of life in every picture. So his eye had to catch every detail of the intricate play of well-trained muscles and limbs, had to note the exact nature of the folds or the sheen on a silk bodice, had to know the exact curve of a dancer's instep or the line of a movement, and had to remember every detail of the movements of the human body. Apart from truth to nature, Degas' greatest concern was for the perfection of his art and for the technical problems which he had to overcome. For Degas, perhaps more than any other of his contemporaries, struggled to preserve his pictures from cheap sentiment, from anecdotal detail and even from the meretricious *tableau* of a stage-setting.

From Degas to Toulouse-Lautrec seems but a small step, though actually it is quite big. For though stylistically Lautrec, like Sickert, the only modern English painter of any merit, derived straight from

Degas, yet there was an enormous difference in their pictorial approach. For each one of Lautrec's pictures is a record of a moment lived. He was not a purely detached observer but an essential part of the scenes he represented. Indeed on occasion he even included himself—as for example in the big Moulin Rouge picture in Chicago. That is why Lautrec's pictures of *les spectacles*, which radiate a sense of fun and an extraordinary humanity, touch us so immediately. The works of most artists can be, and are generally better, studied without much reference to their daily lives; but Lautrec's life and work form an indivisible whole.

Like Manet he frequented places of public entertainment for pleasure, but Lautrec attached a particular human value to what he experienced. So his work is almost more important for what he as an artist had to say about human beings and their life of pleasure than for the pictorial artistry with which it is said. With the minimum of means, with a telling use of gesture and facial expression, he could obtain a full characterisation. And a wonderful thing about Lautrec was his ability to balance reality with art. Only rarely did he indulge in distortion or caricature, and even such exaggeration as he did permit was more often humorously applied to clothes or ornaments than to faces. I need only remind you of Yvette Guilbert's long black gloves with their clawing fingers, or of La Goulue's *coiffure*. It is also important to emphasise that though many of Lautrec's subjects were connected with vice, prostitution or debauchery, while many pictures depict what Léon Daudet has called 'abodes of heartbreak, idleness, ruin, slow poison and shameful disease', that is to say the so-called gay nocturnal haunts, yet Lautrec never yielded to sentiments of bitterness or mockery, and never indulged in social criticism. His artistic detachment is thus comparable with that of Degas. Yet where Degas' pictures can be understood with no knowledge of the ballet, to understand and appreciate the full flavour of Lautrec's work it is necessary to know something about the Parisian *spectacles* of the 'nineties. For to Lautrec subject counted enormously and he was an insatiable wanderer, so that his work is a unique and highly detailed record of a whole era of nocturnal amusement.

Yes, and with a little knowledge one soon learns to appreciate the subtle and often seemingly unimportant touches which the artist does not over-emphasise but with which nevertheless he can indicate a smart, expensive restaurant such as Larue or Le Rat Mort and distinguish it from a more specialised haunt such as La Hanneton or La Souris; or again the means he uses to show that the scene is set in a *café-concert* of Montmartre such as L'Eldorado or Les Décadents rather than in one

of the more fashionable summer resorts on the Champs Elysées such as L'Alcazar d'Été, Les Ambassadeurs or L'Horloge. Types of dress, types of face, details of decoration, the rhythm of the pictures themselves—all have their part to play in this wonderfully evocative art. But it was the spectacle of the famous dance-halls of Montmartre—L'Elysée-Montmartre, Le Moulin de la Galette and above all Le Moulin Rouge—that perhaps fascinated Lautrec most. And if I conclude by quoting once more from the *Guide des Plaisirs* a description of the Moulin Rouge, it is because it emphasises the truth to nature of Lautrec's pictures:

It is the true and fabulous home of the can-can, the immodest and joyous sanctuary of the *chahut*, that art by which dancing has been turned into a kind of acrobatic performance and which consists in lifting the leg as high as possible and then stretching it out to its fullest extent. After your ticket has been checked, you pass down a corridor with red walls covered with photographs and posters to the great dance-hall. Enormous and high, the hall looks like a railway station transformed into a ballroom. The band, big enough for a circus, has powerful brass instruments by which the gentle violins are silenced when the charge is sounded for the battalion of *chahuteuses* who leap forward with skirts lifted and legs revealed. During the intervals in the programme of dances, men and women promenade up and down in a double stream, jostling, mingling and displaying a bewildering confusion of hats, from the huge feathered creations of the women, to the bowlers, top-hats, soft felts and even caps of the men. Gay bodices of cerise, yellow, green, white and blue satin, as well as skirts of all colours provide a feast of gaiety for the eye and delight the observer. To the left at little tables sit the *petites dames* who, being always thirsty, wait to be offered something. When that happens their gratitude is so overpowering that they immediately offer their hearts—if you are willing to pay the price. On each side of the room is a raised platform, a broad open gallery, from which you can watch the dancing without taking part in it and enjoy a general view of all these ladies in full regalia strolling about and parading before you as in a market-place of love.

Now look again at the series of pictures painted by Lautrec at the Moulin and see whether they don't build up into the most remarkable composite image. Take for example the big 'Au Moulin Rouge: La Danse', then 'Le Départ du Quadrille', then 'Jane Avril dansant' and the 'Deux Valseuses', then look at that wonderfully naughty lithograph 'L'Anglais au Moulin Rouge', and lastly at the picture in the Courtauld collection of Jane Avril at the end of the evening leaving the Moulin and putting on her gloves. Detail by detail the guide-book description is confirmed. And if you want one more picture to complete the image, then look again at the wonderful and spirited picture by Seurat—'Le Chahut'.—*Third Programme*

Living in an Atomic Age—IV

The Limits of Human Power

By BERTRAND RUSSELL, O.M.

THE humility of the ancient shepherds, who felt themselves subject to the influences of Pleiades, is no longer appropriate in the scientific world. But there is a danger lest it should be replaced by a species of arrogance towards nature, which can lead to great disasters.

Man, however scientific he may be, is not omnipotent. He is hedged in by natural limits. By means of his knowledge and technique he can diminish the narrowness of these limits, but he can never remove them wholly. Some astronomers try to cheer us up in moments of depression by assuring us that one fine day the sun will explode, and in the twinkling of an eye we shall all be turned into gas. I do not know whether this is going to happen, nor when it will happen if it does happen, but I think it is safe to say that if it does it will be a matter outside human control, and that even the best astronomers will be unable to prevent it. This is an extreme example, and one which it is useless to think about, because there is no way in which human behaviour can be adapted to it. It does, however, serve one purpose, which is to remind us that we are not gods. If you consider the *Politburo* or the American technocrats, you will see that there are those who escape atheism by impiously imagining themselves on the throne of the Almighty. Such men have forgotten that, while we can coax physical nature into satisfying many of our wishes, we cannot exercise authority over it or make it change its ways one jot.

There are two very different elements in science: scientific knowledge, and scientific technique. Those whom I am calling technocrats are interested solely in scientific technique, and the more extreme among them deny that there is such a thing as scientific knowledge, or indeed any kind of knowledge. There are many who think that the point of view of the technocrat suffices. Or if at moments they feel it somewhat arid, they supplement it, not by any doubt that can be entertained by a scientific enquirer, but by an unscientific form of arrogance, namely the belief that, without the patience, and without the submission involved in observing nature, we can arrive by a form of self-assertion at kinds of knowledge which science is incapable of supplying. This is megalomania. Man is neither impotent nor omnipotent. He has powers and his powers are surprisingly great, but they are not so great as he might wish.

But let us have done with these generalities. It is not the generalities but their practical application with which I am concerned. How long will it be before the accessible oil in the world is exhausted? Will all the arable land be turned into dust-bowls as it has been in large parts of the United States? Will the population increase to the point where men again, like their remote ancestors, have no leisure to think of anything but the food supply? Such questions are not to be decided by general philosophical reflections. Communists think that there will be plenty of oil if there are no capitalists. Some religious people think

that there will be plenty of food if we trust in Providence. Such ideas are superficial, even when they are called scientific, as they are by the communists.

Modern industry depends upon raw materials which are found at, or near, the earth's surface. These raw materials are the product of past geological ages; for the most part, they are not being reproduced by any natural process. The elements were built up long ago by a process which we are just beginning to understand. At temperatures much lower than that at which they were formed they entered into chemical combinations. At a certain stage the earth was at a temperature peculiarly suitable to the formation of complex chemical combinations, and at last combinations were formed which had the properties that are characteristic of living matter. Living matter has a curious property which I have called 'chemical imperialism'. In virtue of this property, when it is put into a suitable environment, it transforms a mass of dead matter into a mass of living matter. It is this property which has made organic evolution possible.

There are in nature processes of synthesis. They proceed from the simpler to the more complex. The processes of modern industry do exactly the reverse. They use complex raw material and simplify it. So far, this process of simplification is, in the main, not reversible by scientific methods. It may be that it will become so. There is already a hope of turning hydrogen atoms into helium atoms; this is the process which, when perfected, will give us the blessings of the hydrogen bomb. But in all such processes, so far as science is able to control them, there is waste. What is built up in one place is built up by means of dissolution in another place. If by enormous heat we turn a little hydrogen into helium, we shall have turned a very much larger amount of matter into diffused heat which will never again be usable. Many of the processes of nature are irreversible, and these processes are essential in any form of scientific industry that can at present be imagined.

'Modern Industry a Kind of Rape'

Many ages ago, the energy supplied by the sun's heat was transformed into luxuriant vegetation. The energy lay locked up in the layers of petrified tropical ferns until ruthless industrialists seized it and transformed it back again into heat. But the heat that we generate when we burn coal is not localised like the heat in the sun, and is not continually regenerated by atomic processes. It floats off into the atmosphere and becomes for ever useless. There is no process in nature, and there is none imaginable to human ingenuity, by which heat, once diffused, can be reconcentrated, or by which, when diffused, it can serve any human purpose. All sources of energy upon which industry depends are wasted when they are employed; and industry is expending them at a continually increasing rate. Already coal has been largely replaced by oil, and oil is being used up so fast that east and west alike conceive it necessary to their own prosperity to destroy the industry of the other. Modern industry, in fact, is a kind of rape. All the long astronomical and geological ages during which the materials which we find useful have been built up, contribute a moment's blaze, a moment's frivolous exuberance. But when his fireworks are finished, what will become of industrial man?

All this, of course, does not appear in practice in the tragic and catastrophic form in which I have been stating it. What we know is that the price of coal goes up and we do not readily connect this fact with the second law of thermo-dynamics. If you look up this law in a textbook, you will learn that it states that entropy always increases, and if you are not a physicist you will not be much the wiser. But the law can be stated more simply, and is stated more simply by proverbial wisdom. It states, in fact, that you cannot unscramble eggs. It deals with all the irreversible processes of nature. Some processes are reversible; some are not. If you travel from London to Edinburgh, you can also travel from Edinburgh to London, but if coal is used to make your train go, there is no way by which you can collect the heat which it generates, and turn it back into coal. All industry depends upon such irreversible processes; it all uses up the earth's capital. Modern industry is, in fact, a spendthrift, and sooner or later must suffer the penalty of spendthrifts.

I know that most people meet such considerations with a kind of facile optimism; they say, 'Oh, the men of science are sure to think of some clever invention, and even if they don't, it will last my time'. They feel like the proverbial Irishman: 'Why should I do anything for posterity; it never did anything for me'. But I am concerned in these talks with Man, considered as a single creature with a single biography.

I cannot be content with a brief moment of riotous living, followed by destitution, and however clever the scientists may be, there are some things that they cannot be expected to achieve. When they have used up all the easily available sources of energy that nature has scattered carelessly over the surface of our planet, they will have to resort to more laborious processes, and these will involve a gradual lowering of the standard of living. Modern industrialists are like men who have come for the first time upon fertile virgin land, and can live for a little while in great comfort with only a modicum of labour. It would be irrational to hope that the present heyday of industrialism will not develop far beyond its present level, but sooner or later, owing to the exhaustion of raw material, its capacity to supply human needs will diminish, not suddenly, but gradually. This could, of course, be prevented if men exercised any restraint or foresight in their present frenzied exploitation. Perhaps before it is too late, they will learn to do so. But this is a question of politics, and I do not wish, as yet, to consider the political aspects of our problem.

So far I have been considering the raw materials of industry, but the matter is far more grave as regards soil, which is the raw material of food. Ever since agriculture began it has been carried on wastefully in most parts of the world. Where methods are completely primitive, the cultivator merely moves on after he has exhausted the soil of one piece of land. This requires, of course, a great deal of available territory, and even then, only offers a permanent solution if the damage done to the soil by cultivation is temporary and not permanent. It is no wonder that men worshipped fertility divinities or that they developed a belief in the magical efficacy of human sacrifice. But in former times, while the population of the globe was still sparse, the problem had not the tragic importance that it has in our own day. We all know that the price of food goes up, but most of us attribute this to the wickedness of the Government. If we live under a progressive government, it makes us reactionary; if we live under a reactionary government, it turns us into socialists. Both these reactions are superficial and frivolous. All governments, whatever their political complexion, are at present in the grip of natural forces which can only be dealt with by a degree of intelligence of which mankind hitherto has shown little evidence.

Man has existed for about a million years, and scientific technique for, at most, 200 years. Seeing what it has already accomplished, it would be very rash to place any limits upon what it may accomplish in the future. But scientific knowledge is an intoxicating draught, and it may be one which the human race is unable to sustain. It may be that, like the men who built the Tower of Babel in the hope of reaching up to heaven, so the men who pursue the secrets of the atom will be punished for their impiety by providing by accident the means of exterminating the human species, and perhaps all life on this planet. From some points of view, such a consummation might not be wholly regrettable, but these points of view can hardly be ours. Perhaps somewhere else, in some distant nebula, some unimportant star has an unimportant planet on which there are rational beings. Perhaps in another million years their instruments will tell them of our fate, and lead them to agree on an agenda for a conference of foreign ministers. If so, man will not have lived in vain.—*Home Service*

From the Italian of Angelo di Costanzo

When you and I had crossed by the black waves
In Charon's boat, and passed beyond all hope,
Being condemned to dwell in burning caves,
Where Hell's deep valleys into darkness slope;

I had hoped that those pains wherein none dies
For me might have been lightened and made sweet,
By gazing on your pure and lovely eyes,
Which now for your disdain I may not meet:

And you too, seeing my despair, might find,
To blunt the edge of your own punishment,
Deep pleasure in the torments where I pined.

But O, I fear, for different faults being sent,
You for too little love, I for too much,
Our pains may be the same, the place not such.

F. T. PRINCE

The Spur of the Moment

Bruddersford Revisited

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

LET us—like the good Home Service types we are—be cosy together. For that I take to be the mark of our Home Programme, the cosiness of plain easy folk. Not for us the constant glitter, the determined high spirits, of the Light Programme. Not for us the profundity, the aesthetic values, the fastidious accents of the Third Programme. Between the raucous lowbrows and the lisping highbrows is a fine gap, meant for middle- or broadbrows; and you and I, in our homely fashion, fill that gap nicely. We can be cosy together in it. We can talk about bilberry pie. And I take this—under whatever local name the fruit may be known—to be the best pie in the world. To begin with, its colour is magnificent, a royal purple. The blackcurrant has much the same colour, but its flavour cannot be compared with the bilberry, which is at once luscious and yet subtle, rich but not cloying, like the finest music and poetry. The relation between the crust and the fruit in a properly made bilberry pie is one of exquisite understanding and tenderness, like that between an older Romeo and Juliet, or a less tormented Antony and Cleopatra.

How to Eat Bilberry Pie

This is a pie that should never be eaten with custard, that Yellow River of the English kitchen, but should either have cream on it or be washed down—and I mean washed down, without reference to good table manners—with gulps from a glass of new milk. The mouth of a sound bilberry-pie-eater should be doubly stained, or have a milk moustache above purple lips. And one last point about bilberries—or whortle- or whinberries—is that they have always been too rare and delicate for ordinary commerce; they are not carted here and there and chucked about: they stay near home; so that even good restaurants hardly know them, and bad restaurants have never even heard of them. They belong to the high hills and the good people of the moorlands.

Now twice, this last week, I have eaten bilberry pie, and without asking for it. These things are arranged by invisible agencies. There is a pattern of events, and it is not always evil. You return at last to your own countryside, and, after years of southern softness, you drag your sagging and protesting carcass over the tops, from one Yorkshire dale to another, and finally totter into an inn—and behold, a miracle! There is meat on the table—and then bilberry pie. What happened this last week was that I had an engagement in my native city of Bradford, to open a Festival Exhibition of pictures by Bradford artists, from 1851 to the present day, including an impressive roomful by Richard Eurich; and it seemed to me a fine chance to stare once again at the most satisfying country I know, that of the Yorkshire Dales. I swear to you that there is nothing as good as this country between here and Tahiti, which is as far as I have travelled. It is a countryside composed and coloured by a great artist. It has endless variety within an inclusive harmony of tone and atmosphere. It is just dramatic enough to be challenging but not so determinedly picturesque and theatrical, as so many mountain regions are, as to be disturbing at first and then afterwards fatiguing or tedious in its claims on your attention. It is a land of green valleys, with trout streams flashing and winking through them, of good grey villages with many a noble old stone bridge, of rising meadows thick with kingcups, cowslips and heartsease, of high moorlands and limestone ridges where the larks sing and the curlews cry, of dry stone walls, like veins on the back of a hand, that are innumerable and go on for ever and seem to me one of the joys and mysteries of our island. No wonder there are so many excellent weekend painters, usually water-colourists who have studied their Cotman with profit, in and around Bradford. It needs a Cotman, inspired too, to capture this country, the sunlight flickering across a bridge, the glare and shadow of the limestone walls, the clouds' shadows moving across the upper slopes; but a man might spend many happy lifetimes, selling wool in Bradford or managing a bank in Shipley from Monday to Friday, and then going up the Dales on Saturday, with two ounces of Navy Cut, some clean brushes, pigments and a sheet or two of rough cartridge paper, hoping to capture for ever some favourite corner as Cotman captured for ever his Greta Bridge. There is many a Dale to

choose from, and in my youth I heard a great argument about which was best. My own choice then was for Wensleydale, and perhaps it remains my choice; but all of them are better than anywhere else, this being, I repeat, the best bit of country in the world.

They are not bothering much about the Festival up there, and I had not the heart to tell them that they ought to be, for the place itself was Festival enough. Besides, I had forgotten how astonishingly well kept these Dale villages are, with every house so trim and so many gardens blazing with flowers. Here at least is no ruined countryside, no beauty trampled down or flung away; these people, as they say, are house proud, as we all should be on this small island of ours. On the more recent occasions when I have seen these Dales, I have motored through them, and then they were nothing better than hastily remembered glimpses, so many green heights and grey stones projected on to the windows of the car like a colour film. I knew, of course, that this was no way to see a country, at least not one so small, so varied, so precious. You have to get out and walk, in the old fashion, to know the place again as it should be known. You have to sweat it out from dale to dale, no matter how much fat and how many years you are carrying, to enter into the ancient and magical relationship with the region. This is what we did when I was young up there; and this, with a less ambitious programme of dales and passes, is what I did, with aching feet but no ache in my heart, obsessed though I may be with Time, nearly all this past week.

Between there and Bradford I began to remember, after nearly half a century, our own City of Bradford Exhibition, which was to celebrate the opening of the Cartwright Memorial Hall in Lister Park, now one of the best art galleries in the country. Both this Hall and the exhibition itself, which was held in the same park, were opened by the Prince of Wales, afterwards His Majesty King George V, in May 1904, when I was in my tenth year. To refresh my memory I borrowed an official catalogue (400 pages for sixpence—there was value for money in those days) and a souvenir booklet filled with photographs, the curiously empty, sad photographs of those days. Indeed, this catalogue and illustrated booklet did not refresh my memory but simply challenged it. For the exhibition I remembered, still flashing and glowing after forty-seven years, could not be found in their pages, which suggested a modest and humdrum effort of an Edwardian provincial town. The photographs, so glumly black-and-white, so depressingly empty of people, offering me a purely objective glimpse of the Industrial and Concert Halls, the lake and the mall, the waterchute and the switchback, had really been taken in another world, far removed from the one I knew in that glorious summer of 1904.

Assisting the Birth of a Legend

From May to October that year, my playmates and I, in our new suburb about a mile away from the park and looking down on it, lived like young gods. And this is worth bearing in mind, you fathers and mothers, when perhaps you rather wearily take your children about during this Festival summer. You are assisting at the birth of great legends, are lighting silver moons and gold stars that will still be glimmering in somebody's memory in the twenty-first century. At our age then, of course, our actual visits to the exhibition were limited. But just to know it was there, only a mile away and merely behind some railings, was happiness. Besides, twice a week there were fireworks; and we used to sit on a wall and watch them, whistling their rockets up at the sky, all in the pure ecstasy of boyhood. And let me add a very personal note here. Last autumn, when I was working against time trying to finish a long novel, I sat up late, hours past my usual limit, for several nights, trying to capture in words a firework display; and I cannot help feeling that what kept me at my desk was the gratitude of that small boy in the summer of 1904. We hear a great deal now about what life owes us, and perhaps not enough about what we owe life, for offering us any rich and memorable experience. And these are the real debts of honour.

When we were allowed to visit the exhibition, we sucked the juice

out of every moment there. We did not entirely disdain even the Industrial Hall, always hoping that something might be given away there. But I have stared at the photographs of the waterchute with contempt, for this seems some midget impostor, never to be confused with that man-made hill down which we rode, shouting and screaming, as the car apparently made straight for the bottom of the park lake. And there is not even a photograph of Somali Village, which was to us all *Africa and golden joys*, and started a healthy fashion among us, following the Somali villagers, of rubbing our teeth with bits of twig. Then there was the Naval Spectacle—the siege of Port Arthur—at the end of the lake, where you saw Russian and Japanese battleships banging away at each other, after which you spent happy hours arguing how it was done. There was a Palace of Illusions, there was a Crystal Maze; which now sound less like amusements than like the titles of plays by pessimistic but fashionable French dramatists. There was a captive balloon, for this was the great balloon time, and to me these monsters still symbolise man's conquest of the upper air, so that although I have flown over oceans and continents since then, I have done it without understanding, merely in an uneasy dream.

Best of all was that portion of wonder and glory described in the catalogue most inadequately as 'Illuminated Fountain'. But the catalogue, as if to make amends, goes on to say: 'This, perhaps the most pleasing feature, will be demonstrated every evening, when the programme will allow'. And more than once, when the programme did

allow it to be demonstrated, little Jacky Priestley was there, with his mouth wide open. It still seems to me the largest and most beautiful fountain in the world. The Concert Hall was dimmed, and then coloured lights played on this fountain—and how glorious the pure white was at the very end, the unstained white radiance of Eternity! And all the time the Blue Hungarian band—and there never can have been a better name for a romantic light orchestra, even though the accents of some of the players suggested Blackpool rather than Budapest—the Blue Hungarian band, I repeat, went gliding and floating away on the *Valse Bleu*. Nearly thirty-five years later, when a play of mine called 'Johnson Over Jordan' was produced, we had to have a happy but semi-spectral ball in the third act, a ghostly but radiant memory of this man who was leaving the earth, a scene most wonderfully lit by Mr. Basil Dean; and then I asked the orchestra to play this same old *Valse Bleu*. It did not occur to me at the time, but now I feel I must have been stirred deep down by old memories of the Blue Hungarian band, and the Fairy Fountain in the Concert Hall, the Bradford Exhibition and the summer of 1904, when every Saturday we sat on the wall and whistled and the night sky was glorious with gold and silver rain. Yes, the man of 1939 and the boy of 1904, so different superficially and yet so alike, joined hands, and now the older man in 1951, remembers them both. What are we doing here—and who are we? Such questions leap to the mind, but cannot be answered in any cosy talk. Goodnight.—*Home Service*

The New Society—V

The Changing World

By E. H. CARR

THE conspicuous fact about the international scene today is the passing of power from western Europe: for the first time for many centuries western Europe is no longer the centre of the globe. Even our conventional geographical terminology has become obsolete and inappropriate. In a world whose focus of power is in Washington, our modern Far East lies somewhere in the countries of the so-called Iron Curtain, and our Far West along the eastern coast-line of Asia. The vast land mass of Europe and Asia located between those two lines has become a *terra incognita* almost impervious either to our military or our missionary efforts, a territory no longer effectively belonging to our world at all, and resembling one of those no-man's-lands which the cartographers used to decorate with the comprehensive and sweeping inscription 'Here be savages'.

The decay of Europe had long been heralded. It was confidently announced when the French revolution broke up the feudal structure of eighteenth-century Europe. Burke, in his famous *Reflections* on that event, announced that 'the glory of Europe is departed'. In the eighteen-twenties, Hegel, a philosopher whom it is not nowadays fashionable to quote except to condemn, called America 'the land of desire for all those who are weary of the historical lumber-room of old Europe' and 'the land of the future where, in the ages that lie before us the burden of the world's history shall reveal itself'. In the next decade Tocqueville, hailing the Russians and the Americans as the two great nations of the future, noted that 'each of them seems to be marked out by the will of heaven to sway the destinies of half the globe'. At the end of the eighteen-forties Alexander Herzen refused to believe that 'the destinies and the future of humanity are fixed and nailed to western Europe', and named the United States of America and Russia as the two young and vigorous nations which were preparing themselves to carry on the torch.

The prophecy, though brilliant, turned out to have been premature, and after the middle of the century was heard no more. Something very odd had happened. While the attention of political observers, theorists and enthusiasts was concentrated on the fate of the political revolution in France, another revolution—an industrial revolution—had taken place in Great Britain, and, long before the Great Exhibition of 1851, which was its public advertisement, had transformed not only the face of Britain, but the face of the world. Some aspects of its political philosophy have been discussed in previous lectures. Here I have to deal with its international implications. The foundation of the industrial revolution was steam-power, and Britain owed her leadership in it in part to the inventiveness and enterprise of her citizens and

in part to her rich deposits of coal and iron. Its essence was a world-wide division of labour on an unprecedented scale. Steam-power for the first time made it economical to manufacture goods in larger quantities than the national market could absorb; steam-power for the first time made it possible to transport them cheaply and rapidly to any part of the globe. Britain could become the manufacturing centre of the world; in return for her manufactured goods the other countries could supply her with much needed food and raw materials. After about 1870 the British manufacturing monopoly began to be seriously challenged, notably by Germany and the United States. But in a continually expanding market competition was little felt or feared; and the system remained intact, though with a rapidly diminishing British preponderance, down to the end of the century. Throughout this period its wheels were oiled by the tactful and unchallenged financial management of the city of London. A world-wide money market and monetary system were kept in being, and equilibrium and discipline maintained by a regulated flow of international investment, the main source of which was the British investing public.

Before the end of the nineteenth century the peculiar conditions which had created this remarkable and highly artificial type of world economy had begun to fade out. Its continuance depended on the possibility of progressive and relatively frictionless expansion by the leading industrial countries. In the eighteen-eighties competition for the few remaining vacant lots on the earth's surface was becoming acute. By 1900 new candidates, notably Japan and Russia, were jostling for a place in the charmed circle of industrial powers. The final clash came on a world scale in 1914, and the magnificent and solid-seeming structure went down like a pack of cards. What was not recognised—is not recognised even today—was that the nineteenth-century world economy was no longer a flourishing tree, but dying timber, when the hurricane struck it. The system of international division of labour and free (or relatively free) multi-lateral trading under the beneficent financial autocracy of the city of London had been a brilliant improvisation—so brilliant that to those who enjoyed its refreshing fruits it looked like lasting for ever. But some time before 1914 the trunk had begun to crumble, the rifts were visible; and, once it was down, nothing could set it up again. The great illusion of the nineteenth century was not about the brilliant success of the social and economic order it created, nor about the contribution of that order to the wealth and welfare of mankind: those were, and are, unquestioned. The great illusion was that so transient and delicately poised a structure could be permanent—or even long-lived.

This illusion of permanency dominated the decade after the first world war. The overwhelming desire of the economic leaders of the victorious countries was to return to the 'normalcy' of the halcyon days before 1914. The picture formed in their minds was of a world in which a natural and pre-established harmony had been broken, 'barriers' were being wantonly put in the way of international trade, and the channels of international finance were needlessly and fatally 'clogged'. Such a diagnosis was no doubt inevitable in countries which had been the main beneficiaries of the nineteenth-century world economy and among economists who had been bottle-fed on the immutable, though sometimes harsh, laws of political economy.

Illusion of 'Normality'

But the political scientists who saw through the illusions of the economists had no reason to congratulate themselves; for they fell victims to the equally serious illusion that it was possible to return to the 'normal' pre-1914 system of great nation-states resting on a balance of power maintained by a constant process of diplomatic bargaining. This was the international version of the liberal-democratic notion of government by compromise and by respect for the rights of dissenters. It was the most serious and the most respectable of the illusions which paved the road to Munich. But with the new century the frontier had been closed; frictionless expansion was no longer even a dream; the presuppositions of the nineteenth-century order, political as well as economic, had collapsed. The illusion of harmony could no longer be re-created. Any prescription presupposing a return to the old world economy or international balance of power was bound to fail.

What was left of the belief in a return to the pre-1914 economic and political order was finally dispelled, over the greater part of the world, by the second world war. The United States of America alone provides a paradoxical exception to this process of disillusionment. The explanation of this anomaly is not far to seek. In the first place, the United States is still a young nation whose maturity came later than that of the principal European countries; it has taken much from Europe both in institutions and ideas, but often with a certain time-lag. Just as Woodrow Wilson came to Europe in 1919 speaking the language of Bright and Gladstone, so much of the climate of American economic and political opinion today recalls that of Britain in the nineteen-twenties, when concrete departures from economic orthodoxy had been undertaken, but orthodoxy itself was not yet seriously challenged; when the supposed restoration of the European balance of power at Locarno was the major achievement of British foreign policy. Secondly, the blows of two world wars and the severest economic depression in modern history fell in the United States on a younger and less vulnerable economy than those of Europe. The crisis was acute and painful; but, once it was over, the patient could believe that he had made a complete recovery, and did not, like his European brothers, regard the experience as the definitive end of a historical period. Thirdly, the nineteenth-century world economy, with its insistence on free competition, free exchanges and free access to markets was the paradise of the economically strong, who wanted to enjoy the fruits of his strength without let or hindrance and resented the economic barriers thrown up by weaker countries in self-defence. Preponderant economic strength has now passed to the United States.

It is extremely difficult for Americans to understand why policies which worked so successfully in the nineteenth century under British leadership for the greater glory of Britain should not work as well today under American leadership for the greater glory of the United States. It has been repeatedly said—and not by Americans alone—that this is the American century in the same sense and with the same right as the last century was the British century. The torch of leadership has passed across the Atlantic. But is it not in essence the same torch? The symptoms of such an assumption are apparent both in the economic and the political sphere. Already before the second world war Cordell Hull saw himself as the twentieth-century Cobden; during the war, in Article 7 of the master lend-lease agreement, the Stars and Stripes was firmly nailed to the nineteenth-century mast-head of multilateral free trade; after the war, the Bretton Woods agreement was a conscious American attempt to resuscitate the nineteenth-century international money-market. The new American diplomacy is directed to the establishment of an international balance of power in British nineteenth-century terms. It does not want to fight any more than nineteenth-century Britain wanted to fight; it does not want to conquer territory; it does not seek to defend or promote an ideology. It wants to see power so comfortably balanced in Europe (and in Asia too) that it can leave

Europe (and Asia) politically alone, and get on with the business of running the international economy. This is what—or so the textbooks say—Great Britain achieved in the nineteenth century, and this is the wish-dream of American foreign policy; and in order to realise this dream, support will, if necessary, be given to a nationalist Germany, to a semi-fascist Italy, to an avowedly fascist Spain, to a militarist Japan, and to all the most reactionary groups that can be found in the continent of Asia. There were periods in the past when Britain, in pursuit of the balance of power, could not afford to be ideologically fastidious about her alliances.

If then we want to understand American foreign policy—and it is an understanding which should give it every claim to our sympathy—we must realise that it is a partly conscious, partly unconscious imitation of British nineteenth-century achievement. Most Americans feel today that, with American leadership substituted for British leadership, the world could be as fine and peaceful and prosperous a place as it was a century ago (a little idealisation of the past may come in here) if it were not for one untoward but incidental factor; the aggressiveness and intransigence of the Russians. They thus bitterly resent the intrusion of the Russians and of the Russian revolution as something which cheats them of their rightful heritage. These feelings and opinions are perfectly natural. But the diagnosis on which they depend is dangerously lacking in historical perspective. To believe that the Russians are responsible for all the evil or all the difficulties in the world today is too easy an escape from our own responsibilities and tasks. We are steering our course on a stream of events whose head-waters can be traced in the broad historical region of the French, the American and the industrial revolutions. The Russian revolution is a tributary which, joining the main river at a comparatively recent stage, has swollen it and made it more turbulent, but has probably not much deflected its course. The stream rolls on; and it would still have been true without any Russian revolution that we are today navigating in very different waters, in a different landscape and a different climate from those through which we were passing in the mid-nineteenth century. If our new pilot tries to set his course by the same charts which served the old pilot well enough a hundred years back, he will be in serious danger of running the ship aground.

How then has the international scene changed fundamentally in the twentieth century? In what respects are our nineteenth-century outlook and our nineteenth-century techniques now obsolete? We are living today in a period of revolution which has now been in progress for nearly two centuries—what Marx would, I suppose, have called 'permanent revolution'—and of which the two current phases may perhaps best be labelled the social revolution and the colonial revolution. Where do we stand in regard to these two world-wide revolutions?

Transition to the Welfare State

The main outlines of the social revolution have been described in previous lectures. It forms the transition from the 'night-watchman' to the 'social service' or 'welfare' state—the state of which we demand that it shall bring about a larger measure of equality than ever before between its citizens ('fair shares for all'); that it should as far as possible ensure both freedom and equality of opportunity for all; that it should so plan and direct the national economy that the periodical crises inherent in *laissez-faire* systems should be avoided, that full employment may be secured for all who are able to work, and that the natural resources and national man-power may be applied to the production of those things that are most needed, rather than of those things which can be sold at the highest profit; and it should so plan and direct our international trade that our scarce resources may be used to bring in those overseas supplies of which we are most in need, and on the most favourable terms.

Some comment is, however, needed here on two international aspects of the contemporary social revolution—the Russian aspect and the American aspect. The world being, in spite of the recent efforts of our diplomatic cartographers on both sides, all one place, the Russian revolution was a symptom and a part, though only a part, of the social revolution of the twentieth century. The social strains and stresses, which in the advanced industrial countries had made themselves felt gradually and with comparative mildness, broke out with extreme violence in the most backward industrial country of all, thus falsifying the Marxist prediction that the proletarian revolution would occur where capitalism had reached its most mature development. The revolution of 1917, having occurred in backward Russia in the middle

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NEWS DIARY

May 30-June 5

Wednesday, May 30

H.M. the King's visit to Northern Ireland cancelled owing to illness

Sixty-two miners lost in Easington Colliery disaster

Mr. Morrison answers questions in Commons about Nazi tendencies in Germany

The Derby won by Arctic Prince, an Irish horse

Thursday, May 31

Three Western Powers send Notes to Russia proposing meeting in Washington on July 23

Lorry drivers on unofficial strike decide to return to work

London taxi fares to be increased again

Friday, June 1

H.M. the Queen and Princess Margaret visit Northern Ireland

Mr. De Valera's Party obtains the largest number of seats in the General Election in Eire

Chairman of the Railway Executive makes statement about scarcity of labour on the railways

Saturday, June 2

The 'pursuit phase' of United Nations offensive in Korea ends

The Persian Prime Minister reads to the Senate a personal letter he received from President Truman about the oil situation

The American Secretary of State testifies before Senate Committees on policy in China and Korea

Sunday, June 3

The Shah of Persia receives British and American Ambassadors. The Anglo-Iranian Oil Company is to send representatives to Teheran for talks

Communist resistance stiffens in Korea

Festival of Britain celebrations open in York with service in York Minster

Monday, June 4

Russian answer to Western Powers' Note received in Paris

The King's public engagements cancelled for at least four weeks

Tuesday, June 5

King Haakon arrives in London on official visit

Mr. Ernest Davies, British delegate in Paris, arrives in London to see Mr. Morrison

Units of 16th Parachute Brigade Group sail for Cyprus



On May 31 the Queen received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws at Manchester University (the degree congregation was part of the centenary celebrations of the University). Her Majesty is seen, with the Chancellor, Lord Woolton, talking to one of the students. The following day the Queen, with Princess Margaret, arrived in Northern Ireland on a three-day visit. The photograph (above right) shows Her Majesty acknowledging the cheers of the crowd during her tour of the Festival of Britain Farm and Factory Exhibition at Castlereagh, Belfast



Last week the aircraft-carrier 'Theseus' returned to Portsmouth from active service in Korean waters. On May 29 Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fraser, First Sea Lord, presented the ship's air group with the Boyd Trophy which is awarded annually for the finest feat of aviation in the Royal Navy. Lord Fraser is seen inspecting members of the crew.



Miss Margaret Truman, daughter of President of the United States, who visiting Britain for the first time, seen her arrival at Southampton on June



Chinese communists in a prisoner-of-war in the recent United Nations counter-casualties and that about



H.M. King Haakon of Norway who is paying an official visit to this country. King Haakon, who made the journey in the royal Norwegian yacht 'Norge', was welcomed on his arrival on June 5 by H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester (representing the King)



Communist demonstrators at an 'anti-imperialist' rally in Teheran on May 29, the eighteenth anniversary of the signing of the present agreement with the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. The demonstrators are carrying a miniature oil derrick



Princess Elizabeth visited Perth last week. In this photograph Her Royal Highness is seen on the stage of the Perth Theatre with members of the city's Repertory Company who were presented to her after their performance of 'Twelfth Night'



usan, Korea. It is estimated that the enemy suffered over 200,000 prisoners were taken



The International Sheep Dog Trials were held in Hyde Park, London, on Saturday. W. J. Evans of South Wales and 'Nell', the winners of the Singles event, are seen competing



*The interior of the fifteenth-century Moot Hall at Elstow (John Bunyan's native village) which has been restored as part of the Bedfordshire County Council's Festival programme and was officially opened last week. The Hall was the centre of village life in the days of Bunyan, and he is reputed to have based his Vanity Fair episode in *The Pilgrim's Progress* on happenings there*

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of the first world war; had to face the handicap, first, of a primitive economy hopelessly shattered and dislocated by the impact of large-scale war, and, secondly, of a politically primitive community unused to any form of government save an unenlightened feudal autocracy. These conditions quickly infected the theory and practice of the revolution, which soon began to inspire horror and dismay even in circles that had at first greeted it with sympathy and enthusiasm.

Ambivalent Attitude to the Russian Revolution

The attitude of western countries towards the Russian revolution in the last thirty years has been extraordinarily ambivalent. Sane judgment has always recognised that there was something in the Russian revolution to be learned as well as much to repel. But the proportion in which the two reactions should be blended has always been controversial. In part, divisions of opinion about it have been divisions between right and left. But in part also the division has been chronological, opinion having varied from period to period to match the changing state of relations between the western countries and Soviet Russia. At the present moment these relations are notoriously worse than at any time in the past thirty years, and the current estimate of the Russian revolution stands at its lowest point. Indeed, it is now almost sufficient to discredit any policy to suggest that it bears some resemblance to something that has been done in Russia. This is a pity; however human, it is a little childish to refrain from doing something that is desirable because our hated neighbours the Joneses have also found it desirable. From the point of view of socialism, it may well be a misfortune that the first socialist revolution should have occurred in a country with the political and economic background of Russia. But books written to show that, if the British Government establishes the elements of a planned economy or nationalises key industries, or controls foreign trade and exchange or the distribution of key commodities, or directs labour by the methods adopted during the war, then Britain is on the way to becoming a totalitarian police-state, are either disingenuous or silly. If one could add up the full account of the past thirty years, one might find that, so far as concerns western Europe and northern America, more harm had been done by the bog of communism in frightening people away from doing sensible things than has been done by communism itself.

The American aspect of our social revolution is more difficult. Reasons have already been suggested why the social revolution in the United States has lagged behind the social revolution in Europe—though less far in reality than public pronouncements would sometimes imply. The continued predominance of the principles of *laissez-faire* and private enterprise in the American economy—if in fact they do still predominate—would by itself cause no heart-burnings elsewhere. But these things are no longer safely exportable to the bleaker economic climate of Europe; where years of privation and unemployment have made large masses of people acutely conscious of social and economic inequalities, of extremes of wealth and penury existing side by side in the same society, of resources employed in the production of luxuries while basic needs go unsatisfied, and where there is general agreement on the necessity of using the machinery of the state to curb these evils of an unplanned and uncontrolled economy.

As Mr. Alistair Cooke constantly reminds us, America is not a country of big business men or of big men at all; the vast majority of Americans are small people grappling with daily problems of making both ends meet, resentful of prices which have risen even more steeply than they have in Britain, and wanting to know what the Government are going to do about it. Perhaps it is a pity that the voice of official America does not reach Europe more often as the voice of the American little man. It would help to create a sense of greater solidarity across the Atlantic in facing comparable, if not identical, social problems, a sense of a common interest in our social revolution—by whatever name it may be called. Incidentally, it would be the best possible counter to the charge that American policy in Europe is more interested in the fate of big business than in the fate of the little man.

There is another point on which basic attitudes on the two sides of the Atlantic are apt to diverge: rearmament. Nobody in Europe denies the need for armaments. If American forces were withdrawn from Germany today as they were withdrawn from the 38th parallel in Korea three years ago, a Korean incident would be likely to occur in Europe. I have never been a pacifist or questioned the importance of power in international affairs. If the United States and the western world were to disarm today, we should not have long to wait for substantial and catastrophic changes in the map of the world.

But between this picture of total and helpless disarmament and a picture of all America and western Europe armed to the teeth and organised on a war footing a line can be drawn; and somewhere in this line the point of reason and commonsense must be found. 'War', as Clemenceau said on a famous occasion, 'is too serious a matter to be left to the generals'; and this is a cold war in which the home front is as important as the front line. The threat to our democracy is not exclusively military. In many European countries dissatisfaction with hardships and inequalities of a social order creates vulnerable points, of which the widespread fear of communist parties, of fifth columns, of fellow-travellers, of infiltration into trade unions and other organisations provides clear evidence. Against these latent discontents rearmament is no security. The crux of the present situation is that, in the undamaged and still expanding economy of the United States, rearmament means in large measure a using up of available resources, a taking up of the slack of surplus production, even a safeguard against potential unemployment. In Europe and in Great Britain, on the other hand, rearmament means from the first moment a diversion of resources urgently needed for physical and social reconstruction, a fresh tightening of the belt, a further inroad on our social policies. In Great Britain, in particular, our labour force is now barely sufficient to maintain the standard of living of a population whose age-structure is increasingly top-heavy. However generous American aid may be, the diversion of large numbers of able-bodied young men into the armed forces or the services that supply them is bound to depress that standard still further. It is easy to imagine a point beyond which efficiency in the front line might be purchased at the cost of decreased stability and staying-power on the home front. No decision facing the British Government—or European governments in general—today is more difficult or important than this balancing between military and social programmes. No point more urgently calls for American sympathy and understanding.

Two Great Forces

Here, then, is one of the two great forces which are transforming the face of twentieth-century politics and helping to mould the shape of the new society: the social revolution. The other is the colonial revolution. Here, too, we must start from an analysis of nineteenth-century society with its division of the world into advanced industrial and backward colonial peoples. This division of function, broadly corresponding with a division of colour, was the basis of the world economy; racial inequality matched inequality of economic status. Nor was this division seriously challenged till the new century opened. Then something began to stir. In 1900, at the time of the Boxer insurrection, the German Kaiser had spoken of the yellow peril and recommended his soldiers to behave like Huns. In January 1902 Great Britain, increasingly conscious, especially since the South African war, of the burden of world supremacy, broke all the rules by concluding alliance with a nation of the yellow race which had shown an astonishing aptitude in imitating the industrial techniques of the advanced powers; and in the same year a British economist, J. A. Hobson, published the first systematic analysis of economic relations between industrial and colonial nations, and gave a new and fruitful turn of meaning to the word which formed the title of his book, *Imperialism*. The ruling group was displaying both material weakness and pangs of conscience—the usual prelude of revolution. The victory of Japan over Russia in 1905 resounded through Asia and through the world of coloured peoples. It was followed by the Russian revolution of 1905, the Persian revolution, the Turkish revolution and, most important of all, the Chinese revolution. It led to the first reforms which carried India along the road to self-government; in Indonesia the first stirrings of revolt were heard against the paternalism of Dutch rule.

After the first world war these movements grew in strength and were supported by Soviet propaganda and sometimes by Soviet funds. But they required little fanning from outside; nor were Soviet methods particularly successful. It was Japanese action in the second world war which brought the colonial revolution in Asia to a head. The emancipation of Asia from the white race was loudly proclaimed; and after the victory it proved quite impossible to restore white supremacy, either military or economic or moral, over the greater part of Asia. The movement is a revolt against political, economic and racial inequality; colour is at least as important a factor as communism. The colonial revolution is not confined to Asia; it is on the march in Africa as well.

What is the character of this colonial revolution? In the early years of the century, when the world was still dominated by the political presuppositions of *laissez-faire*, it expressed itself at first in political

demands for the withdrawal of the capitulations in Egypt and Turkey, for self-government in India, for the abolition of the unequal treaties in China. These political demands have not been abated. Everywhere today where the European nations still exercise any kind of political rule over non-white peoples, the demand for political independence is more and more insistently raised; and only where this demand has been unconditionally conceded, as in India, have relations between European and Asiatic peoples taken a turn for the better. The peoples of Asia, though divided among themselves by as many differences and mutual antagonisms as the peoples of Europe, are at present united in their desire to be rid of European political or military interference.

Solidarity of Asia

Whatever acts of aggression may be committed in Asia, and whatever pronouncements may be made by the United Nations, it is important to realise that, from the Asiatic standpoint, any white armies fighting against Asiatic armies on the soil of Asia are *ipso facto* the aggressors. This view is common throughout Asia, and any Asiatic nation or group which invokes or accepts the aid of European or American troops to fight against fellow Asiatics will be quickly branded as traitors to the common cause. This solidarity of Asia against white rule and white intervention is a new and rather frightening phenomenon. But here again we shall be mistaken if we regard the Soviet Union as a prime mover in these developments. In the present configuration of world politics, the Soviet Union profits from the clash between Asia and the western world and will do everything to intensify it. But Russia did not create the colonial revolution, and cannot even now control its course. It might easily take lines unwelcome and embarrassing to Moscow if western pressure were removed.

The underlying essence of the colonial revolution is today economic rather than political, and this gives the best hopes to the world of being able to weather it without disaster. The economic view of imperialism, promulgated by J. A. Hobson, by Lenin and by a host of other writers, has now thoroughly penetrated the consciousness of the leaders of the so-called backward peoples; and they are turning against Europe the economic doctrines which they have learned from Europe, as they formerly did the political doctrines of Bright and J. S. Mill. What Asia and Africa are fundamentally in revolt against—whatever forms, political or economic, the revolt may take in day-to-day actions—is the nineteenth-century division of the world between advanced and backward peoples and the basis of that division in the intensive industrialisation of certain areas of the world to the exclusion of others. Political independence and political equality are no longer enough. These achievements, which seemed all important so long as they were out of reach, are now seen to be hollow and unreal unless they are backed up by the reality of economic independence and economic equality; and the path to these is even longer and more difficult. The lesson has been thoroughly learned and digested that large-scale modern machine industry confers a high material standard of living and a widely diffused education and culture, as well as political and military power and prestige. Backward nations have been transformed into advanced nations through industrialisation—and in no other way. In the contemporary east Gandhi's spinning-wheel is an obsolete cult. Industry is the symbol of progress. Imitation is the last and sincerest form of tribute paid by the colonial east to the industrial west.

The envy and admiration of the east for the achievements of the west, combined with a profound resentment of the inequalities of the past, make present relations complex and sensitive. Great Britain, conscious of a past to live down, seems for the moment more keenly aware of those difficulties than the United States, which in the past enjoyed prestige and popularity in Asia precisely because it held aloof from the interventionist policies of the European Powers. The nineteenth-century roles of the two Powers in Asia have thus been in large measure reversed. The handicaps which the western countries have to overcome in their Far Eastern policies are both political and economic. The handicap of political and military intervention which threatens to unite Asia against us must somehow be wound up; the handicap of an economic tradition based on an unequal partnership for the division of labour must be lived down. We must face the fact that our economic overtures will be received with suspicion. The suspicion will be due not so much to past experience as to the belief that the great industrial nations are unwilling, for fear of competition, to encourage industrialisation on modern lines among the Asiatic peoples.

This belief, fanned no doubt by interested parties, has figured prominently in recent propaganda, where it has been alleged over and

over again that the purpose of American bombing north of the 38th parallel has been to destroy the rising industries of North Korea. The Chinese intervention in the Korean war appears to have been prompted in the first instance by apprehensions of attack on the power stations on the river Yalu which serve the industry of a whole region of Manchuria. Meanwhile the fact that the operations of the Washington Import-Export Bank and of President Truman's Point Four Programme have hitherto been mainly directed to Latin America has helped to spread the fear that American economic and financial aid to under-developed countries may be dependent on the willingness of the recipient to come within the American sphere of political influence. These beliefs and these fears, ill-founded though they may have been, are a key to a highly sensitive point in the Asiatic policies of the Western Powers.

The colonial revolution, advancing side by side with the social revolution and forming part of it, is the main reason why the world picture in the middle of the twentieth century is radically different from that of the nineteenth century. The nineteenth-century world economy was a coherent and highly integrated structure—artificial but efficient. The predominance of the industrial nations was unequivocally recognised; the development of the backward countries was carried out in a way, and at a pace, which suited their interests and satisfied their requirements. International trade flowed on lines which contributed most to the prosperity and greatness of the industrial countries. No question of a clash between advanced and backward nations could arise in what appeared to be a perfectly harmonious world: when the clash came it was between two advanced industrial nations, and the colonial peoples were objects of the dispute, not motive factors in it. The vast change that has come over our international society today is that the former backward peoples are no longer passive objects of policy, but driving forces. They have taken the initiative and placed the former great industrial powers on the defensive. They have obtained recognition in principle of the doctrine of equal partnership. What has not yet been achieved is the translation of this doctrine into political and—still more important—into economic terms.

Here almost everything still remains to be done; and the urgent question is whether it can be done in time to stave off an explosion or to prevent the formation of a formidable anti-western continental *bloc* stretching from the Elbe to the eastern seaboard of Asia. The issue has many analogies with that presented by the social revolution. Here, too, the main danger is the persistence of traditional ideas which have lost most of their validity in the contemporary world. In one respect an advance has been made. Nobody believes any longer that the development of Asia and Africa or the establishment of sound economic relations between them and the great industrial countries can be the work of private enterprise or private investment. Everyone recognises that this is a case for initiative by governments. But is there not still some danger of governments themselves continuing to think in good nineteenth-century terms of regulating the development of backward countries by the needs of their own economies or of investing capital where it will earn the best return?

Need for Technical Aid

It is certain that Asia and the colonial countries will no longer be content to wait on the convenience of the western economies. It is not altogether certain that capital investment is even the major requirement. The undeveloped countries are in possession of vast reserves of unused man-power. We do not yet know much—at any rate not nearly enough—about the conditions of the industrialisation of backward territories in the twentieth century. Technical aid, and the planning and organisation of their economies, are perhaps quite as necessary, and quite as likely to yield spectacular results, as the large-scale investment of foreign capital, particularly if this brings too many strings with it. One unhappy consequence of the present political situation is that China is unlikely to call in the aid of American and British technical advisers, who might in happier circumstances have played a capital role in the development of the new China and in building up relations between her and their own countries. Nor is the industrialisation of the backward countries feasible without taking into account their economic relations with the rest of the world. A workable Chinese economy could conceivably be planned on a basis of self-sufficiency and internal markets. But this would not be conceivable for any of the other countries in question, and development would scarcely be possible if the new and struggling economy were to be placed at the mercy of a fluctuating and unprotected international market. Capital investment, technical aid, planned national economies, planned international trade—all these

elements are necessary if the colonial revolution is to be guided to a successful and peaceful consummation. It would be rash to undertake to arrange these four elements in order of importance. But any attempt to operate with only one or two of them will end in frustration.

While the main contemporary issues in international politics are intimately bound up with the social and colonial revolutions and cut across national boundaries, the most delicate question—and the one in which our diplomacy is most concerned—is that of relations between America and Europe. Of the many differences of outlook for which the broad Atlantic is mainly responsible one is predominant in the present context. Americans, however much they shrink from war, are none the less able to look beyond a potential third world war to the prospect, however illusory, of peace regained, just as Europeans in the nineteen-thirties were still able to look beyond the potential second world war. Today Europeans know that little or nothing worth saving in Europe can survive a third war: they are not concerned, like many Americans, with the question how a third world war is to be won, but only with the question how it is to be avoided. And the fate that awaits Europe in the event of another war gives Europeans a far greater moral right to make their voices heard in international councils than could be claimed in virtue of their actual or potential contribution to the military strength of an alliance. In Professor Toynbee's brilliant epigram, 'No annihilation without representation'.

But in what sense should Europe, and particularly Great Britain, make use of the right conferred on them by their grim stake in a third world war? In what sense should we make our voice heard in Washington and New York? In matters of rearmament there is not much that we can say, except to plead that, besides armaments, there

are other vital elements in our defences against communism which it would be dangerous to starve. But our main function must be continuously to make clear to American opinion, and to the American Government, that neither Europe nor Asia can return to the practices or precepts of the nineteenth-century order; that, being unable to turn back, they are bound, if they would avoid sheer helplessness, to move forward along the line marked out by the social and colonial revolutions; and that this advance is their best bulwark against the Soviet power. A healthy economy in Europe and a real independence in Asia would make the military task of defence modest and manageable. On the other hand, if we tolerate social inequalities and mass unemployment in Europe, and refuse to recognise revolutionary national aspirations in Asia, and so provide a rich field for Soviet propaganda, then the military task may well come to exceed our powers. That there is a serious possibility of any lasting or far-reaching agreement with Soviet Russia at the present time I do not believe. But this makes it all the more important to look to our defences, and to recognise that the military part of those defences is not the only part. The new world of Asia and much of the old world of Europe would welcome more active leadership from Great Britain in driving these points home in Washington. Like responsibilities in domestic politics, this responsibility is a difficult one for any British Government to shoulder at a time of material weakness. But the predicament of the world today is grave enough to make courage the highest form of prudence and the taking of risks the best insurance for ultimate security. Today even frank speaking requires courage. The British Government and British opinion have shown some of that courage. They will need, as time goes on, to show still more.—*Third Programme*

Maynard Keynes at the Treasury

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work. To make political ideas work, you have to work through men. That involves all the artistry of persuasion. No man could have taken more thought for the handling of a significant person—at least in this later period—no artist could have a quicker sense of his audience, or more care for the personal effectiveness of the words he chose to speak or write. His flashes of humour, of irreverence, which so often broke up a tense moment or dissolved opposition, were not merely irrepressible fun; they had their practical uses. Sometimes they got him into trouble, but not for long. You cannot go on disapproving of a man who has made you laugh. His delight in personality was so keen that, on occasion, he surrendered his judgment on the merits of a question to the grace and favour of his opponent. Of a controversial and often vexatious figure he said: 'He is a chap, and chaps are so few that we must give them our support'.

He was probably the finest expositor of a case in his generation. It has been said that this gift was dangerous, and led him at times into twisting and sophistries. That may be so, but there were times when it was also glorious. His most magnificent effort of this kind, during these years at the Treasury, was undoubtedly his presentation of the British case at the beginning of the American loan negotiations. Keynes held, and taught, that on such occasions the first five minutes may be decisive on the issue, and he took endless trouble over his openings. For three days he held a generous, but critical, audience at Washington. He was not there to beg, but to state a case of reason and justice. It must rest upon facts and figures, all strictly verifiable as he proudly claimed. But, in his own way, he lit up the figures, so that they were an unrolling picture of what the war had meant for England and the English people, and would mean for many years. It was deeply felt, but kept free from sentiment; this was not a time for an epistle to the emotions. When he finished he knew that, though there might be disappointments and frustrations, not all of which he had foreseen, he had won the main issue, and had won with dignity for his country. Not much less heroic was his personal effort at the Bretton Woods Conference. On the final day the delegates from forty-three nations had gathered and were seated for the last ceremonial. Keynes came in a moment later, and as he moved slowly towards the high table, stooping a little more than usual, white with tiredness, but not displeased at what had been done, the whole meeting spontaneously stood up and waited, silent, until he had taken his place. Someone of more than ordinary stature had entered the room.

This is not the occasion to make an inventory of all that Keynes

did for, and to, the Treasury. He accepted a description of his functions as those of the pike put into the Roman carp-ponds, to chase the carp around and keep them from getting lousy. And if, as has been said, the Treasury used to stand about like inverted Micawbers, waiting for something to turn down, it was part of his business to set them in more seemly posture for their coming tasks. Each year, in the White Papers on the National Income, on the Balance of Payments, on the Economic Survey, even in the shape of the Budget itself, a tribute, of the kind he would like, is paid to his memory.

He did more than any other man to establish the principles of financing the cost of the war as cheaply as possible. He had in mind a series of interest rates which might be practicable for the period of reconstruction after the war. He never completed it. He was looking for a nice rate for nice institutions, a Bursar's nightcap, a King's three per cent., and he could never find the rate which would pass all the tests of private and public interest. For the technique of Post-war Credits he had a special parental affection; apart from their fiscal merits, they had for him the novelty that successive Governments would continue to disappoint expectations by paying them back, slowly, or more rapidly, as economic circumstances might require.

He was often wayward and often demonstrably wrong, but the liveliness of his errors was itself creative. Indeed, for most of us, it was not so much what Maynard did or taught, as what he was, a germinating spirit in our working lives. The senior members of a Department enjoy a kind of adult collegiate life, of shoulder-rubbing intimacy free from self-interest, of mutual dependence without fuss or ceremony. The circle is close, and a departure, whether by foreseen retirement or more sudden, opens a gap; often the stab is sharp. Still, in the need of getting on with the work, the gap closes, somehow, and the wound skins over. But when we came back to the Treasury after Maynard's death, the drab corridors were grey and silent, the files were strangely heavy and lifeless. The kindly light had gone out.

He was not solely a stimulus to our work or our intelligence. At a dangerous time he stood, with firm detachment from passion, for a civilised, and civilising, outlook. The stiffening of the Puritan-strain in him gave him moral power, yet, with it, he had a Renaissance love for the splendour and delights of magnificence. But, deeper still, for the springs of his heart and mind, I may best use his own words of another Cambridge man who was his friend and died too young: 'He was sceptical of most things, except those which chiefly matter, affection and reason'.—*Third Programme*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Partisans of Peace

Sir,—Absence abroad accounts for my delay in replying to the letter of Mr. A. E. Coppard in your issue of May 24. I trust you will be good enough to admit one correction. Mr. Coppard takes a phrase of mine out of its context and puts it into one of his own, a trick that is not unusual among the more hysterical partisans of peace. I said that, so far as I knew, there had been at peace congresses no discussion or debate *in the sense that free men understand those words*. Mr. Coppard takes apart the words in italics and accuses me of attaching them to 'desire for peace', and calls the juxtaposition 'drivel'.

I am glad, nevertheless, that Mr. Coppard wrote as he did. For the tone of his letter and its obvious inaccuracies are fairly characteristic of much that is said in the name of the peace campaign. Like other partisans he leaves out—or maybe does not know—the crucial fact: that the peace campaign began in 1947, whereas American and British rearmament began in August of last year. The difference between the partisan and the peace-lover emerges admirably from a comparison of Mr. Coppard's letter with that of Mr. Rodgers in the same issue; and I am sorry that I should have given the latter the impression that I believe all supporters of peace to be in the same camp as the partisans—which is not the case. I would suggest respectfully that he avoids the title 'partisan' as carefully as communists and partisans avoid the word 'pacifist'.—Yours, etc.,

Paris DONALD McLACHLAN

Sir,—The two replies you print to my protest have very little to do with what I complained of, *viz.*, the stupid assumption that partisans of peace are serving some sinister aim of Russia. Mr. White from the House of Commons repeats the poppycock that oozes from the smear press almost daily and proceeds to tell us that we do not realise this or that, that we do not appreciate that or this, finally instructs us as to the real meaning of the word partisan, and then reveals his personal knowledge that the various wars now being fought in the east were not at all inspired by the countries who are actually doing the fighting—war being anathema to them all—but were in fact brought about by the one Great Power that is not doing any fighting and moreover declines to indulge in any such beastly solutions. Mr. White advances no shadow of evidence or reason why advocacy of peace by negotiation is a help to Russia, unless of course he believes as I do that Russia is determined not to be drawn into any war.

Mr. Salomon's case is based on childish fallacies and misstatements that have not even the excuse of childishness. He seeks a lasting peace by methods other than those of peace-making, and banks on this wonderful solution even although the second of the world wars has not yet been wound up!

Why have these two gentlemen such a passionate desire to be exterminated? Don't they realise (to use Mr. White's style of polemic) that Britain has become a principal target for atom bombing as well as a principal base? The power of this weapon for the mass extermination of civilians has been vastly multiplied since its first use at Nagasaki and Hiroshima, but a recent American visitor assured us that the

Britisher would quickly get used to them. God bless his kindly heart, but if these things be so it is fatuous to talk of spending only £5,000,000,000 on 'defence'. We must somehow get hold of £500,000,000,000, or else appoint a Ministry of Evacuation that will arrange for our mass exportation to the icy Poles. Perhaps the Antarctic will be the safer, as the bombers are already spreading north, and I understand the penguins that occupy the southern regions are still friendly, besides which we could subsist on them (surreptitiously of course) until the end.

Yours, etc.,

Dunmow

A. E. COPPARD

Has the Motorist been 'Soaked'?

Sir,—Mr. K. L. Kelly declares that the motoring community have a grievance because they pay more in licence and petrol duties than local authorities spend on road repair. It is the use of the road rather than its repair for which motor-owners ought to pay. Private cars have imposed, and continue to impose, heavy charges on the ratepayers of Cambridge; and valuable ground has been given up for parking sites.

Of course road transport is needed between farms or factories and railway stations, and between stations and the consumer's premises. Long-distance vehicles are not needed; they may be more convenient, but if so the owners should make an extra payment. On the whole road transport has meant *dearer* transport, because it has abstracted from the railway the highly-rated traffic which used to allow the old railway companies to charge very low rates for the materials and products of our basic industries, such as coal, ores and machinery. Prices of pit and gallery seats at a theatre would be raised if the Chancellor imposed a prohibitive tax on stalls and dress circle seats.

In answer to Mr. W. A. Wainwright, who quotes the low fare charged for a motor coach ride from London to Glasgow, I say that nearly all the real cost of the journey is borne by the ratepayers over whose roads the coach passes without paying a penny, whereas the railway lines between the two cities are heavily rated.

Moreover the taxpayer and the ratepayer, as the only railway shareholders, receive all the money paid as passenger fares and goods charges on the railway; so the long-distance coach and lorry help to send up our rates and taxes.

May I add that road transport depends on imported oil, which is rightly taxed whatever its purpose, while the railway train runs on English steel rails and tyres under the impulse of English coal.—Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

J. E. ALLEN

A British Teacher Looks at Soviet Russia

Sir,—Mr. Ronald Gould confesses that he first heard of John Bellers when he was in Russia recently. Mr. Gould may like to know that Bellers (*b.* 1654, *d.* 1725) was a Quaker.

In his book *Authority in Church and State* (Allen and Unwin, 1928) my late brother, Dr. Philip S. Belasco, made a comprehensive and critical survey of the writings of Bellers. He described Bellers as one who most perfectly expressed the general Quaker tendency of thought and as a great social reformer. My brother writes that in the age of Bellers the theory of the State had more concern with the defence of

private property than the welfare and conditions of the people. Bellers was not only an economist who attempted to humanise economics but a great social reformer who, by improving the conditions of industry and concentrating on the needs of health and education, hoped to raise the lot of the people. Bellers attacked the problem of poverty at the root of the social problem first by showing the wrong of poverty in society and the obstacle it was towards any fine development of man, and secondly by implication that society was not irresponsible. He eloquently pleaded for men to respect their fellows more than their property and reminded men of their social responsibility. 'Putting mankind into a comfortable way of living', said Bellers, 'will be instrumental in finishing God's creation, man being the head of it'. Bellers was also an international thinker and attempted along with Penn to restore the concord of religions by the adoption of new spiritual values aiming at the good of society.

We are indebted to Mr. Gould for bringing to our notice the importance which the Russians attach to John Bellers. Perhaps a study of the ideas of Bellers, as expressed in his writings, may help us in the difficult task of understanding the Russians by knowing more of what appeals to them.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W. 8

J. E. BELASCO

Chance Encounter

Sir,—In Alistair Cooke's delightful broadcast on 'Chance Encounters', reprinted in THE LISTENER of May 24, he referred to 'the late great Bernhard Berenson'. May I point out that Mr. Berenson is alive and well, and as great as ever?—Yours, etc.,

Abinger Hammer

MARY NICHOLSON

War on the Moth

Sir,—Concerning the destruction of moth eggs, your correspondent, Mr. J. P. Hodge, will understand the reluctance of his previous advisers to commit themselves when he considers the difference between laboratory and domestic conditions. It is possible to destroy a large percentage of moth eggs by fumigation, but *only* when the conditions are not haphazardly domestic or similar. If we may make the point, as manufacturers of Malsek K3, the most widely used liquid insecticide in the wool industry itself, it is far easier to destroy moth eggs (as well as adult moths and their pupae and grubs) by spraying affected articles and premises with a simple household hand-sprayer.

We cannot, of course, escape the suggestion of self-advertisement in this letter, but the subject appears to be of public interest, and we are entirely at the disposal of Mr. Hodge or your other correspondents.—Yours, etc.,

Hull

C. S. THOMPSON

Director, Thomas Clough, Ltd.

The report of the proceedings of the *Conference of the Home Universities* for 1950 has now been published by the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, price 1s. The Cambridge University Press has published the Rede Lecture for 1951 which was given by the Warden of Wadham College, Sir Maurice Bowra, on the subject of *Inspiration and Poetry* (price 1s. 6d.).

THE BRITISH COLONIES

ALMOST EVERY ITEM of news nowadays from the British colonial territories in Africa, the Caribbean, and elsewhere in both hemispheres bears witness to an accelerating tempo of economic and constitutional development. For that reason it is imperative that the character of the problems involved in colonial development to-day be fully and widely understood.

The Times Review of the British Colonies, which appears on the first Tuesday in March, June, September and December, is addressed to everybody directly connected with the affairs of the colonial territories and to all who seek to know more about them.

The first issue, published last March, was read by a large public at home and reached almost every part of the world. The June issue has just appeared. It resumes the commentary on colonial affairs during the preceding quarter and introduces an important series of contributions on the resources of the colonies with a special article on rubber. This reviews the growth of the rubber plantation industry, analyses problems of supply and demand, and discusses the outlook for the future.

Among the subjects of other articles by Special Correspondents of *The Times* and recognized authorities on colonial subjects are:

African Health Services

Gibraltar To-day

The Cameroons Development Corporation

Inter-Territorial Research in Africa

The Duties of a Colonial Governor's A.D.C.

Population and Communal Questions in Singapore and Malaya

The Modified Groundnuts Scheme and its part in Tanganyikan Development

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How an Editor does his Job

By TOM HOPKINSON

THE editor of a national paper or magazine is, in a very direct way, in contact with the public. But the public knows little of what kind of man he is. His qualities appear only at second-hand, through the work of others. His prejudices and limitations (for he is certain to have both) are projected into the picture of the world passed on to his readers, without their ever being able to see clearly what those prejudices are. If he is terrified by threats of war, hankers after the far-off life of his own childhood, or takes an exaggerated interest in crime, some reflection of his attitude will make its way over a period of years into the paper he controls. Indeed, if he has great fear of war or special admiration for the past he probably feels it his plain duty that it should be so expressed. There is no small group of men whose view of life is likely to be transferred so thoroughly—or so imperceptibly—to their fellow-men as the dozen or so editors of our leading newspapers and periodicals.

Unique Beings?

Obvious as this is, it goes unrecognised. Little has been written on the subject of an editor's work. Editors themselves seldom give any picture of their task, and the principles on which it can, or ought to be, directed. Some with whom I have talked fancied their own paper so different from all others that it could not even be included in any general discussion. Another seriously thought that no account of editing could possibly cover the work done by himself and (for example) his own predecessor. Editors tend to see themselves as unique beings, holding solitary forts, without precedent to guide or allies for assistance. However—after ten years spent as an editor myself and nearly twenty-five in watching the editorship of others—it is my conviction that very distinct principles of editing can be set out, which hold good, with obvious modifications, over the whole field of journalistic work.

An editor has three distinct loyalties or responsibilities: to his public, to his staff, and to his employer or the firm for which he works. If he submits to being a director of his firm, he clearly assumes an added responsibility towards its shareholders. The three inevitable responsibilities have, I believe, been listed in their proper order. Responsibility to the public—which is in no position to judge from day to day how far its interests are being considered—must come first. Responsibility to a firm, which has the power to make its own opinion instantly felt, should be put last. What is an editor's duty to the public?

I suppose if there were one point on which people would agree, it is that an editor's first duty is to tell his public the whole truth. If that is what the public wants, it certainly takes good care not to get it. To consider only one obstacle—the existing laws of libel. Strong libel laws serve an excellent purpose in protecting the individual citizen from the sort of sly slander and sneering denigration to which the holder of unpopular opinions is exposed, for example, by some American newspapers. But they are the barrier behind which all kinds of practices harmful to our national life have grown up. Let anyone who doubts this try to find and set down the facts, say, about price-rings in certain trades, or how some football clubs get round the limitations on payments to their players. On a lower level the law of libel provides stout cover for the exploiters of rackets and swindles. Years ago there existed several publications whose claim was to denounce crooks of all kinds. Insurance against libel was one of the heaviest items on their budgets, running sometimes into tens of thousands a year. However, with most of these papers their history was the same. After a bold and costly start, they were forced to concentrate more and more on exposing those who had already been convicted. With our existing libel laws, it is unsafe to give a dog a bad name until it has actually been hung.

But disregarding the question of whether a paper which ceaselessly told the truth could remain in business, is it in fact an editor's duty to see that his paper always prints the truth? The answer clearly is 'No'. As it happened, I became an editor myself for the first time in July, 1940. It was plain that our country's hope of survival lay then in a general concealment of the truth about our defences, and in painting the most optimistic picture of our power to resist invasion. Clearly

there are times when an editor must carry, knowingly, the responsibility for some untruth—or even, as in those hard days, for presenting a definitely false impression. The point about which he must never deceive himself is in whose interest he is carrying it. The only sound answer can be that he carries it in the public's own interest, and is prepared to answer for what he is doing at the proper time. Modifying, then, the claim for absolute truth, one may say that an editor's duty is to provide the fullest, most truthful service of information he can, within the limits of the journal he edits (for something different is rightly expected from a Sunday picture paper and from *The Times*). And this duty is subject to overriding national (or international) considerations on the one hand, and to the restraint of common humanity and decent feeling on the other. For few things are more nauseous than the claim to print 'in the interests of truth' matters where no public issue is involved, but the happiness of individuals may be deeply compromised.

Though the pursuit of truth is the subject most publicly discussed in connection with an editor's responsibility, many will feel that the one most constantly considered inside the editorial office is the pursuit of circulation. In most cases, they will be right. The wish to see circulations continually rising—not mainly to widen a paper's influence but to command a bigger advertising revenue—is the curse of present-day journalism, just as ministerial bribery was the curse of journalism in the eighteenth century. I think myself it will be equally transitory. Our own has been the age of vastly-expanding circulations, based on the growth of literacy and a cheapening, till 1939, in the price of paper and printing. These conditions may come to obtain elsewhere, but they are already vanishing here.

For every newspaper or magazine there is somewhere an optimum circulation—that is, the widest sale it can achieve at a given time, while retaining some hold over its readers' opinions and respect. Recognition of this will diminish the wild struggle for circulation, which actually reached its peak before the war when pairs of trousers or sets of the works of Charles Dickens were freely handed out to anyone who would allow a given daily to be thrust through his letter-box for thirteen weeks. From the point of view of the editor's work this change will be vastly to the good. For, in pursuing quantity of readers in preference to journalistic quality, an editor is putting his responsibility to those who pay him above his duty to those who read his papers. This sounds wrong, and it is wrong. But from the way an editor's work is organised nothing is easier, and it must require quite extraordinary strength of character for the editor of a popular daily persistently to put his readers' interests before his firm's—particularly as there is always an easy sophistry to hand. 'If more and more people buy my paper every day, it must be because it's better than all others. So I'm making the best of different worlds, and discharging divergent duties to perfection'.

'Grossly Over-worked'

By 'the way an editor's work is organised' I mean partly the fact that all editors are grossly over-worked. In a ceaseless round of discussions, meetings, telephone-calls, reading of possible contributions, answering of letters—always making snap judgments, never talking or thinking anything out to the end but only to the point where an edition goes to press—in all this, a man loses touch, not merely with the life of ordinary people, but with his own intuition and understanding. This is something no editor will recognise, because he dare not. He cannot see how to alter the conditions under which he works, so it is impossible for him to admit how unsatisfactory they are. 'How can you know what people are thinking?' I once asked a fellow-editor in exasperation. 'You're in the office six days a week. You always lunch at the same hotel. It's years since you went in a 'bus or tube. When did you last meet a normal person?' He replied that he had many talks with his gardener, his chauffeur, the 'people he saw about', and that he read letters which came into the office. But only a few minutes before he had assured me that 'only maniacs' ever wrote letters to newspapers, and that it was a great mistake to take any notice of them.

The second most important responsibility of an editor is to his staff,



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and it is here the conventional picture is most absurd. This shows him striding among whirring presses, ordering ace-reporters off to China or commanding fresh editions ('Clear the front page!'), dominating the scene by a show of angry virility. 'Hire and fire'; 'Get the story at all costs'; 'That'll knock 'em cold'... a phoney toughness informs the phrases and lights up the popular impression of his activities, and there have of course been editors who did their utmost to live up to expectations; though achieving local fame on the level of Dan McGrew, they left little mark on journalism. The reason is obvious. A national newspaper or magazine today is much too complicated an apparatus to be handled successfully by one flamboyant figure. The judgment required is so wide, expert knowledge is wanted on so many subjects, so much skilled tailoring-together (sub-editing) is needed to build up an effective impression, that a successful national paper can only be the product of a team.

'Selection and Blending of the Ablest Men'

Today an editor's first job is the selection and blending of the ablest men he can get hold of. Able men are far harder to work with than the second-rate. For one thing they take their job seriously and expect the results of their risks and efforts to appear in print. Their views conflict with one another, and with the attitude to world affairs which at any moment seems commercially beneficial. They lack 'loyalty' as managements usually understand the word—that is, they think of the effect of their words on the situation they are dealing with, rather than on the paper's circulation, or on possible inconveniences to important persons. They are likely to be touchy, and hostile to prolonged routine.

An editor who chooses to work with men of talent rather than with hacks (and I mean conscious choice resulting in action, not mere hatching to the idea) accepts the companionship of equals who will all, in some respects, be his superiors. Seen in this light, his job is to provide a climate in which able men can function to their own satisfaction, doing honest work to the full stretch of their capacity, protected from unjust criticism—but above all from criticism inspired by timidity, for the passing-on of cowardly words is itself an act of cowardice, and can only breed cowardice in the receiver. It is important to note that an editor who wishes to keep an objective attitude to the world will take care to choose staff of differing political viewpoints. A good newspaper staff is a blend of varieties, not a series of identicals.

To provide a climate; and on top of that to impart some direction and unity to the work of men and women with varying abilities and viewpoints—that is an editor's task in relation to his staff. It will be seen that, so far from being the occasion for a display of angry virility, it is in essence a feminine attitude, making it possible for everyone about to get on with their own job. And here, incidentally, is the reason why highly-talented journalists and writers are often failures as editors: they see the position as one in which their own abilities can be exploited, rather than as a chance for developing those of others. Charles Dickens—wisely if somewhat unscrupulously—levered himself out of the *Daily News* editorship within three weeks of the first issue. Though I describe an editor's attitude as 'feminine', it will be clear that a masculine energy is required to direct the work of a team in a direction all will accept. It is my own opinion that editorial timidity is shown mainly in these two things: By the failure to appoint sufficiently talented men and women in the first place; or, if they are appointed, in the attempt to modify and tone down everything they write. Second, in not trusting the public to form a sound judgment from the facts, and so wishing to select or censor what shall be passed on.

Last of an editor's responsibilities comes that to his employer, the proprietor or directors of his firm. Many efforts have been made to put relations between editor and owner on a clearly-defined basis, and so eliminate friction. Those which have achieved any success have usually done so by creating a third body—without direct interest in the paper—to act as court of appeal. The problem is not easy, for there is a fundamental conflict of interest. The editor is—or should be—most conscious of his relation to his readers, and his duty to give them the best service. He tends always to want expansion; more staff, more highly-paid; a better service of news, with men placed, or sent to, still remoter parts; more pages, better quality of paper, the newest equipment and machinery. His wish to provide the best compels his work as editor to stretch over into departments not strictly his concern. He wants the advertising side to earn more revenue for less space; he wants printers to do their work more quickly; the circulation department to distribute the paper faster than trains and vans permit. All this makes him a nuisance to managements, of which a proprietor is the natural head.

Secondly, it is the essence of an editor's job to uphold the freedom of himself and his staff to put down facts as they observe them, and to paint the most faithful picture they can of the world as they see it. If he once ceases to fight for this right above all else, then he has no honest claim to his position. But the proprietor of a business has other quite legitimate concerns. The business has to pay. Shareholders will naturally be upset if the value of their shares falls sharply. He may have a number of different papers to co-ordinate, whereas the editor is only concerned about his own. Other departments of the firm besides the editorial call for his support. If, in a responsible newspaper firm, editorial considerations should come first, other considerations must come somewhere—and it is the concern of a proprietor or board of directors to see that they get their due. Moreover, simply from the fact that he is the owner of a large concern, he is likely to have a different attitude to the world from that of an editor and his staff, the hired labour of journalism. He is likely to be more conservative, more cautious, but also to take a wider and longer view.

At their best, relations between proprietor and editor can resemble those between an Upper and a Lower House. The editor provides the drive and the day-to-day running of the machine, while the proprietor keeps general watch and intervenes, when he does so, with advice rather than instruction. Such a relationship may prove exceedingly fruitful and harmonious. A principal reason why it so seldom proves anything of the kind derives from the public nature of journalistic work. In a normal business, the public's sole concern is with the quality, price and appearance of a finished product. But, apart from questions of quality and value, each issue of a newspaper or magazine deals with matters which are the subject of sharp differences of opinion. Unless a paper is set (as some are) on a policy of having no policy, every copy is liable to give offence to someone. Both editor and proprietor are liable to be constantly challenged in private for the views their paper has expressed in print. Unless, therefore, the proprietor develops a conscious technique of dissociating himself to some extent from his papers, and openly conceding them their freedom, he may become involved in a ceaseless reporting-back of criticisms from every quarter—criticisms which cannot be answered because those who made them are no longer there. The opinion of his friends, his club, or his household, may assume for him greater importance than the hard realities of world events. The relationship between editor and proprietor can then degenerate into a sort of running dog-fight, with one side sanctimoniously urging the public good, and the other ponderously laying down the financial or political law.

Difficulties of Division of Authority

In spite of this possibility, most editors with whom I have talked declare that—even at its worst—they prefer to work for a single proprietor, rather than a board of directors. With an owner an editor can, or should be able to, reach some basis of agreement or some understanding to limit disagreement. When difficult steps have to be taken or risks run, there is some person to whom he can appeal for an opinion and, possibly, support. But where powers rest with a board, there is an uncertain division of authority. In any crisis a number of opinions must be canvassed, which tends to produce intrigue: and, the more opinions have to be taken, the less clear-cut as a rule is the decision. However capricious an individual may appear—and there have been some notable examples of caprice among the proprietors of our day—his authority seems on the whole to be preferred. Yet there remains, in the nature of their tasks, strong and recurring cause for conflict between proprietors and the men who work for them as editors. It seems a merely commonsense precaution that some of our most distinguished newspapers and journals should have set up trusts to safeguard their traditions, and in some cases specifically to protect the editor's independence. Now a new idea, that of a Press Council for the whole profession, is being discussed. Its value would lie, not simply in the judgments it gave, but in the fact that for the first time a professional authority would exist to whom differences of opinion—not merely between editors and proprietors but, equally important, between editors and members of their staffs—could be referred. In many cases, it might be hoped, not that one side or other would be condemned, but that their differences might be composed.

Our present system, under which editors and proprietors thrash out their position in day-to-day argument—with no court of appeal, but with resignation or 'the sack' as alternatives in case of breakdown—places, I think, a needless strain on the constancy of editors and the good temper of their employers.—*From a talk in the Home Service*

Sir Thomas Lawrence

By JOHN POPE-HENNESSY

WHEN Sir Thomas Lawrence died in 1830, Crabbe Robinson wrote: 'I doubt whether he will be considered a great artist by posterity. I incline to think he was not, but he was at least a skilful and popular artist, who did better than all others what all his rivals tried to excel in, and he who does that is no common man'. If we except a temporary aberration in sale-room prices (for it was a painting by Lawrence, the 'Red Boy', which elicited the highest bid ever made for a picture in an auction room), posterity has tended to endorse Crabbe Robinson's opinion that Lawrence was a popular painter and no more. Yet many people must have asked themselves, before the splendid painting of Queen Charlotte in the National Gallery, whether a systematic exhibition would not reveal him as a more impressive artist than is generally supposed. The answer to this question is now provided by Messrs. Thomas Agnew, who have organised, as part of the Festival of Britain, the first loan exhibition of Lawrence's paintings to be held since 1904.

This is not an ideal exhibition. For one thing, it omits most of the artist's finest works. None of the full-length portraits shown is, for example, of the quality of the best of the Lawrences at Windsor; and a visitor who did not know the Waterloo Chamber paintings at first hand would be tempted to underrate Lawrence's powers of large-scale characterisation and large-scale design. For another, it includes too many inferior paintings. Some of them are routine portraits which provided Lawrence with a staple income but are of no interest today; others are once-splendid paintings which injudicious cleaning has impaired. But beside these the exhibition contains a number of indubitable masterpieces, and is representative enough to pose anew the problem of Lawrence's artistic personality.

For an academic artist he seems to have been unusually dependent upon impulse. Two portraits in the present exhibition (the vivid, Opie-like head of Curran and the dramatic half-length of William Locke of Norbury) are said to have been painted at single sittings, and have a wonderful verve and spontaneity. But others were the product of a method commonly followed in Lawrence's studio, by which the head alone was finished and the canvas was then put aside to await completion in due course. During his lifetime Lawrence was accused of reducing the vitality and liveliness of his initial image in the subsequent working out of the design. Thus Lockhart writes of the portrait of Sir Walter Scott: 'When I first saw the head, I thought nothing could be better; but there was an evident change for the worse when the picture appeared in its finished state. . . . I hope one day to see a good engraving of the head alone, as I first saw it floating on a dark sea of canvas'. Some exasperated sitters refused to wait for the completion of their portraits, and several of these unfinished paintings are shown in the present exhibition. With one exception (the enchanting head of

Emily, Countess of Glengall, inscribed in pencil: 'Painted by Thomas Lawrence in a fit of Folly') these are not distinguished for their animation, and they suggest that Lawrence's interest and attention were either carried through from the first sitting to the last, or were not aroused at all.

Sometimes Lawrence successfully recaptured, after a period of years, the enthusiasm with which a portrait had been begun. This must have been the case with the popular painting of the Patisson Children from Polesdon Lacey, where the bravura handling of the blue and crimson suits of the two boys is as fresh as that of the heads which had been painted six years earlier. Certainly there is nothing in the paint surface from which we could deduce the chequered history of this portrait, how it was started by Lawrence in June 1811 and was still unfinished in the summer of the following year; how in 1812, when the Patissons protested that 'our dear boys are rapidly outgrowing the appearance they presented to you', it was handed over to the family in its unfinished state; how in 1813 it was returned to the painter's studio; how it remained unfinished and was once more sent back to the Patissons, and how finally it was transformed in 1817 into the painting that we see today. Elsewhere the consequences of delay were less felicitous, as with the mannered and rather unpleasing 'Countess of Normanton', which was completed, when fashions and taste alike had changed, after an interval of eleven years.

By temperament Lawrence was an artist of the nineteenth century. He lacked the constructive

capacity of Reynolds, a deficiency that is most apparent in this exhibition in two paintings planned with the great architectured compositions of Sir Joshua in mind, the Baring portrait group and the elaborate and unattractive portrait of Mrs. Maguire and her son Arthur Fitzjames. But at his best Lawrence could paint with a freedom and directness of which Reynolds was incapable. This is manifest in romantic paintings like the half-lengths of Lord Durham and of the 3rd Marquess of Londonderry, where the handling is of astonishing consistency, but most of all in certain female portraits in which the crisp pictorial vision has more in common with Manet than Reynolds. Examples are the brilliant portraits of Georgina Countess Bathurst, Lady Suffield and Madame Sabloukoff. These, with the Goyesque 'Susanna, Countess of Oxford' and the ebullient portrait of Payne Knight, set Lawrence in the front rank of European painters of his time. To criticise them for their flashiness, as is sometimes done, is to apply an eighteenth-century criterion to a nineteenth-century art form. Yet the fact remains that the styles of Gainsborough and Reynolds represent the highest points of which these artists were individually capable, whereas in Lawrence we are continually conscious of unrealised potentialities. With a firmer sense of direction, with a less compliant character, with greater self-criticism and conscientiousness, what an artist he might have been!



'The Patisson Children', by Sir Thomas Lawrence

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Documents on German Foreign Policy 1918-1945. Series D, vol. III. The Spanish Civil War. H.M.S.O. 25s.

THE FIRST TWO VOLUMES of this series revealed more about British and French policy than that of Hitler. But this volume does throw much light on Nazi and Fascist activities in spite of the fact that many were outside the range of foreign offices and under the control of party politicians and general staff officers. There are no startling revelations. The record is for the most part in accordance with the opinions which most sensible onlookers took of the Non-Intervention Committee and the assistance given to Franco by the Duce and the Führer.

Other documents had of course already shown the cynical and amused spirit in which Italy and Germany approached the discussions of the Non-Intervention Committee in London. In this volume there are numerous illustrations of the same theme. At the outset the Germans were informed by the Italians that it was intended to give it a 'platonic character'. It was never meant to do anything serious. It could at once be got rid of, their representatives reported, if Franco thought that on balance it did his cause any harm. Meanwhile Grandi and Ribbentrop played ball together to throw the responsibility for its ineffectiveness on others.

How far did the British Government acquiesce in this game with full knowledge of what they were doing? The question cannot be answered wholly from these documents. But on occasion the Germans obviously thought that the British were just as cynical as themselves. 'I knew from statements made in an authoritative quarter', wrote the German Chargé d'Affaires, 'that the British Government sees in the embargo committee a useful means of avoiding possibilities of conflict and that it is therefore encouraging as dilatory action as possible on the part of the committee. At the same time the existence of the committee offers a comfortable shield against Parliamentary pressure'. Nevertheless Mr. Eden was always felt to be dangerous, and after his resignation Mussolini ordered that some withdrawal of troops should take place so that Mr. Chamberlain should seem to be justified and Mr. Eden's return to office prevented.

Various estimates of the military situation are also interesting. In August 1938 the number of Italian 'volunteers' in Spain was estimated at 40,000 and by the end of that year their casualties in the war were well over 11,000. Franco's low opinion of their fighting quality was constantly reported. The German officers that trained Franco's levies were, according to their own account, much more effective, and also of course the German Condor legion of skilled aviators which was refitted as the civil war drew to an end. The submarines were also important, and at one time it was thought that the main reason for not withdrawing the Italian infantry was lest the technical troops would also have to go. If Franco despised the Italians, both the Italians and the Germans were often furious at his immobility and his refusal to make the same sacrifices of Spaniards as were done by his opponents.

Perhaps the most interesting documents are those concerned with the German attempt to secure control of Spanish minerals, especially the copper mines. For this they organised a trading company which soon became, as the Spaniards complained, a company of exploitation. But Spanish resistance was characteristically cool

and calculated. They passed a special law against foreign capital, obviously directed against the Germans. The situation was complicated by the fact that Goering, as head of the Four Year Plan, had his own emissaries in Spain and wanted violent action to obtain what he considered to be the due reward of Germany's efforts. Moreover the ore was needed for Germany's armaments. The Foreign Office representatives had again and again to point out that the Spaniards were not the sort of people to respond to such treatment. Their own quieter methods got more results, but Franco, considering his dependence on German aid, showed much skill and courage and gave nothing away.

Noteworthy also is the account of Franco's alarm at the Munich crisis. He complained bitterly that his interests had not been consulted and implied that he felt relieved from all obligations to his benefactors. It seems clear that he never intended to fight on their side in any event. On the whole Franco, if an accomplice in the cynical lying of his allies, comes out rather better than his detractors would have imagined at that time.

Country Neighbourhood. By R. W. Ketton-Cremer. Faber. 18s.

Mr. Ketton-Cremer has added a delightful little picture to his *Norfolk Gallery*. In 1676 the Rev. Patrick St. Clair was appointed to the living of Aylmerton, a tiny village in North Norfolk, by his friend Ashe Windham, who lived in the neighbouring great house of Felbrigg. St. Clair had attended Windham on the Grand Tour of Europe and that kind of friendship had been established between them which was possible between a landed gentleman and a clergyman: affectionate condescension on the one hand and equally affectionate respectfulness on the other.

Windham was often away from home and St. Clair kept an eye on his affairs in Norfolk. Letters from St. Clair to Windham, written between 1729 and 1741, have survived, and these, made intelligible by Mr. Ketton-Cremer's ingenious commentary, form the contents of the book. There he was, living in the village of Sustead with his rather ailing daughter Betty, who tried to keep herself up by drinking quantities of asses' milk, while he himself suffered from the stone, and wondered whether he should take some patent remedy for it. He decided not to do so after seeing poor old Mr. Wrench, who 'says he gott no benefit by Mrs. Stephens her remedies'. He knew everyone and heard everything. Lord Townshend at Raynham, Horatio Walpole, the ex-ambassador at Wolterton, Lord Hobart at Blickling were his friends. Mr. Sibbs, the vicar of Sustead, who farmed on a larger scale than the law allowed to beneficed clergymen, was not. In his letters we get a close-up view of country gossip in a small country neighbourhood. Of course it is just like all gossip in country neighbourhoods, and anyone who likes to get involved in an impersonal kind of way with the network of personal relations in which their friends are implicated will find it fascinating. Naturally it will appeal first and foremost to those who know the district; names of places and persons are familiar. But if you have a taste for any consecutive scheme of petty human activity, which after all is life as it is lived, then it is irrelevant that the scene should be set round Cromer and Holt.

We hear about the park-keeper and the distribution of presents of venison. Then he dies—who shall get the job? Perhaps a clergyman's

son, brother to Lord Townshend's park-keeper. But can he cut the animals up properly? Then the 'good Bishop was taken ill at church on Thursday last, fainted away on his throne'. That was nothing to the occasion when 'my countryman Captain Charters, who is as mad as many in Bedlam, came last Sunday into the Church at Wolterton, and talked so loud to Mrs. Gay in the time of prayer, that the minister was forced to come down and get him out of Church, but he came in again'. Anyway we can read with malicious pleasure that on May 29, 1732, 'We have had nothing but rain since you went, and the wheat is so rank everywhere that tis fear'd it will not stand', while on June 22 of the same year 'there fell hailstones at Calthorpe yesterday three Inches about'. *Plus ça change.* . . .

Samuel Butler's Note-books. Selections edited by Geoffrey Keynes and Brian Hill. Cape. 12s. 6d.

Samuel Butler's *Note-books* have taken high rank among bedside books ever since Henry Festing Jones edited the first selection from them in 1912. A further selection followed in 1934; and other extracts appeared in Festing Jones' *Memoir* and in the Nonesuch volume of *Butleriana*, issued in 1932. Now Butler's present literary executors, Dr. Geoffrey Keynes and Mr. Brian Hill, have made a choice from all these sources, have added a few more passages, and have reinstated Butler's own words where Festing Jones had used editorial licence in altering them. Jones did this sometimes to his own disadvantage, attributing to Butler sayings which Butler himself had quoted as his friend's. More often, Jones ran two notes together, or left out a phrase, or added a line or two of his own—maybe from memory of what Butler had actually said.

The result of these new editorial labours is not very satisfactory. Much has to be left out; but far too many repetitions have been left in, and a number of very good things omitted. There is no indication of dates, and no arrangement, such as Jones adopted, under subjects. The 'Psalm of Montreal' and other poems and verses which Jones included have been left out—presumably because they do not come from the *Note-books* and are available elsewhere; but the loss is considerable. Nevertheless, nothing could make any selection from the *Note-books* less than delightful. Butler's habit of keeping a little book, jotting down in it whatever came into his head or under his eye, and then revising and refining again and again over the years may not have helped him much with his books, though that was his original idea and the note-books were meant as a quarry for his own use. He himself said that he seldom did use them; but the quarry is the richer for those who read them now. They give, incidentally, a most vivid picture of Butler's own queerly divided mind—of his thirst to be at one and the same time impish and respectable, of his scorn of fame and yet yearning for it, of his spitefulness mingled with kindness, of his continual girding at his family, from which he could all the same never bring himself to break away. We see him preoccupied with his quarrel with Charles Darwin—which was both a petty squabble that shows him in a bad light and a real contest over the very foundations of the theory of evolution. We see him perpetually bothering himself about a God in whom he did not believe, and perpetually saying how foolish it is to bother about the

unknowable. We find him returning again and again to the theme of Handel's—and of Shakespeare's—greatness, trying but failing to maintain a dislike for Beethoven, scorning his critics and yet caring a great deal what they said about him.

Butler is a very good example of the man with a passion for combat, but also with a skin too few—so that he gave hard knocks, but found them difficult to bear. The *Note-books* are, in tone and temper, very near to *The Way of All Flesh*, much nearer than to *Erewhon*, of which Butler held a low opinion largely because it took on with the public, whereas the other books he published in his lifetime mostly did not. They are also near to *Life and Habit* and to the rest of the books on evolution to which Bernard Shaw plainly owed so large a debt. All these aspects of Butler are represented in this new selection; but one may hope that it will not supersede Festing Jones' earlier version, which, editorial licence and all, gives a more vivid impression and is a great deal pleasanter to read.

English Inn Signs

By Jacob Larwood and John Camden Hotten

Edited by Gerald Millar.

Chatto and Windus. 42s.

This attractive book, edited with authority, will take its appropriate place in the sequence of essays on the subject which began in Addison's *Spectator*. Larwood and Hotten's book was first published in 1866 and such was its popularity that, apart from the large paper edition, four others appeared in the same year. Since then eight further editions have been published. Today, with the growing attraction of travel by road and the recognition of the character of ancient inns, the need for a comprehensive study on the subject of signs became apparent.

Mr. Gerald Millar, while recognising the importance of the subject, has not overlooked the modern aspect; for this reason he has placed the public in his debt; he has revealed the talent of many present-day artists. When the English inn is taken into account with its local, regional and pictorial qualities, it is seen to be a national institution. Legislation may to some extent have controlled its original purpose, but its foundations go deep into history. There are still extant inns of Chaucer's time, with others known to Holinshed, and yet others frequented by Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. There are inns which were new when Cromwell came to power, and others on the trunk roads familiar to Defoe and Hogarth. Today the public discriminate between the coaching inns of George III's reign and the smart houses of the Regency and later. In fact each new house that the wisdom of the trade adds for the gratification and comfort of the public, is viewed critically. The sign of an inn has the same relative importance as the figure-head or the flag of a ship. Its career is determined in a mystic way and therefore its title is of moment.

Inn signs, ancient or modern, in the course of time became landmarks. Apart from their value as advertisements they are useful as aids to topographical education. This compact and well illustrated revision of Larwood and Hotten's classic treatise fulfils all that one would expect. There is a general survey of signboard history. Historic and commemorative signs are shown to belong to a special category. Heraldic and emblematic signs are related to royal and noble

houses. As for the Bestiary, including mythical animals and monsters, this section is the largest. Signs showing birds, fowls, fishes, insects, flowers, trees, herbs—all have a place in the nomenclature which is peculiar to the humour of English social life. Then there are Biblical and religious signs together with those commemorating saints, martyrs, and miracles. Great characters are included most fittingly as well as the crafts and the professions. There are references to the house and the table, to dress—



'The Jolly Caulkers', Rotherhithe. By Cosmo Clark, A.R.A.
From 'English Inn Signs'

plain and ornamental—to boots and shoes, garters and pin cushions. There is even a Cat and Custard Pot. And so, this educational list goes on; there are signs eloquent of geography and topography—wagons, coaches, locomotives and ships in profusion. The spirit of broad English wit also asserts itself as well as signs devoted to crude puns and rebuses.

A copy of this work should be securely chained in every bar for reference.

Yorkshire: North Riding

By Oswald Harland Hale. 15s.

'The County Books', a series to which this volume belongs, are not designed as guide books; indeed, judging by this specimen, they deliberately avoid any such utilitarian purpose, for the only map provided is extremely sketchy, and any precise information is hard to find. There is a liberal supply of photographs of a picturesque kind, but they do not show much respect for the finer details of a work of art—the illustration of the Anglian Cross at Hackness, for example, is a touched-up caricature of the original. No doubt Mr. Harland knows more than he 'lets on', but his vagueness will be

exasperating to anyone with an enquiring mind. The book is meant to be read, not consulted; and if we wonder who will read it, we may remember those flushed and earnest figures that sit in the Trust House parlour after dinner. They have tramped the moors and the dales, they have had a remarkably good dinner, and it is still only nine o'clock of a summer's evening. You are staying at the Black Swan? The newspapers and magazines do not match your mood, and you feel too restless for a novel. But a chapter of Mr. Harland's book is just the right preparation for tomorrow's walk—chatty, anecdotal, just a touch of antiquarianism and some teasing excursions into etymology. 'Pleasant things happen to me in Black Swans . . . there was an ex-officer of the Indian Army who knew of an ice-cold current in the tropic waters of the Arabian sea. . . . He spoke, too, of the most poisonous snakes in the world, the sea-snakes of the Indian Ocean. There was a man who played Beethoven sonatas with, it seemed to me, the touch of a Schnabel. In the Black Swan at Kirby, late one autumn evening . . . parlour dimly lit . . . there, miraculously, was Hazlitt's "gentlemen in the parlour". . . . Somehow we began talking of the Saharan oases . . . Baharia, Kharga, Khufra. Heknew themall'. And so to bed.

Heavens on Earth: Utopian Communities in America

By Mark Holloway.

Turnstile Press. 16s.

In religious and social experiments towards an ideal simple life America has a record that no other country can approach. They began early in the colonial period. The most enduring of all, that of the Shakers, dates back to the dawn of the Republic. Many of these enterprises were started by individuals or groups newly arrived from Europe, being offshoots of small German sects. A general pattern is discernible. They tended to be Quietist and pacifist, against marriage, machinery, and animal food, inspired by a hope of the Second Coming. Communist practice was sometimes tried and given up, or it might be adopted as a last resort. The Shakers were not alone in enforcing celibacy while living in 'families'.

For nearly all the groups equality was a theoretic principle, but as often as not they depended upon a despotic head; for instance, Ann Lee from Manchester, foundress of the Shakers, George Rapp of Harmony, whose settlement was taken over by Robert Owen in visionary haste, or J. H. Noyes, the remarkable organiser who built the Oneida Community. Noyes it was who combined an ideal of male continence with a method of 'complex marriage' or regulated promiscuity, and managed to evade the law. The evidence throughout implies that religious dogma furnished the strongest protection against an early break-up, while hard co-operative labour was essential.

Out of the large total Mr. Holloway cannot find ten that achieved even moderate success. Not a few made a reputation by the excellence of their work, in farming or manufactured goods of sound quality. Oneida developed into a prosperous industrial concern and, amazingly, lasted for more than eighty years. Mr. Holloway has worked thoroughly over a wide field of faith and illusion, of courage and persistence. The material being so fresh and fascinating, it may be regretted that, instead of plunging in *medias res*, he should have blocked his path by a rather dull opening chapter.

World Review

FOR JUNE

includes

Andre Malraux writes on THE ARTIST. No great painter has ever spoken as we want him to speak.

Stuart Hampshire discusses AN EPISODE IN PHILOSOPHY. We are all of us lighting effects, said Medardo Rosso, the impressionist sculptor, who claimed *La facilità dell' impossibile*.

P. M. Fitzgerald describes his life and work, with many illustrations. There is also a selection of Mr. Gernsheim's brilliant collection of Victorian photographs.

John Lehmann re-reads THE ROVER, and Angus Wilson writes on THE NOVELS OF WILLIAM GODWIN.

There are, as always, new poems and stories, including extracts from COMPERE, VOUS MENTEZ!, a phantasy by Noel Devaulx; JASPER, by Emma Smith; THE OVEN, by Ann Chadwick and THE CHICKEN COOP, by Patrick Galvin. And, finally, World Review thought it time to say a few words on Festival English.

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EXPERIMENT IN FREEDOM

A REVIEW OF BRITISH
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by

C. F. O. Clarke

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In this book, which comprises the lectures delivered publicly, last autumn, at the invitation of the Lowell Institute, Boston, Mass., Mr. Clarke passes in review the political and social trends which have given British democracy its present aspect.

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CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent critics

TELEVISION

Bears on Wheels

A MAGAZINE published a drawing of some circus bears coasting ridiculously round the ring on wheels. One bear, shown inclining a sympathetic ear to another, was saying: 'Don't ask me—I often wonder what it's all about myself'. The international six-day cycle race at the Empire Pool, Wembley, shuttling so persistently in and out of our viewing last week, was not as funny as that, but towards the end there crept into it a kindred suggestion of unreality, of missed significance, of an allegory in search of its meaning.

It was an event in which for once the entrants appeared to draw no inspiration whatever from the 'fans', but to be wholly self-sufficient, replete with recognition, concerned only with momentum, how to increase it and, if not, keep it, and how to impart it to others without loss in the process. Now and then through the week there were drifts of applause, now and then we heard the loud solitary cry of the man who evidently attends all the big sporting occasions for the purpose of rallying some individual or, more sublimely, some nation to justify his or its existence in the arena. For the rest, endless rhythmic spinning

round the ovoid track, in the course of which television brought us pictures that were often poetically rather than athletically appealing to the eye. The camera's behaviour, obligingly steady right up to the last minutes, suddenly became maddening, switching us over to the spectators just when we wanted to see the played-out



The winning Belgian team (left and centre): the final phase of the six-day cycle race at Wembley which was televised last week

riders' wobble to a stop and cheating us also of the satisfaction of witnessing the ovation doubtless received by the two valiant Australians, Arnold and Strom, who lost the race so triumphantly. But it was bears on wheels, not men, that circled behind one's eyes as they closed for sleep on Saturday night.

It is regrettably a fact that we viewers give insufficient thought to the tangle of operations and the complex of emergencies that must be provided for in the televising of these outside happenings. The Burma Reunion transmission from the Royal Albert Hall went through its half-hour with unflawed efficiency. It gave us some of the best personal appearance pictures we have ever had, notably of the Mountbattens, both resolved to be anything but 'grand', both refreshingly speaking to be heard, both very much in tune with the evening, the note of which was struck by the former 'Supremo's' bidding to Field-Marshal Sir William Slim—'Come on, Bill'. That good soldier's testimony to peace was most moving, and more so for the intense listening silence of the great audience of ex-Burma fighting men. Television did justice to this event and deserves full marks for it.

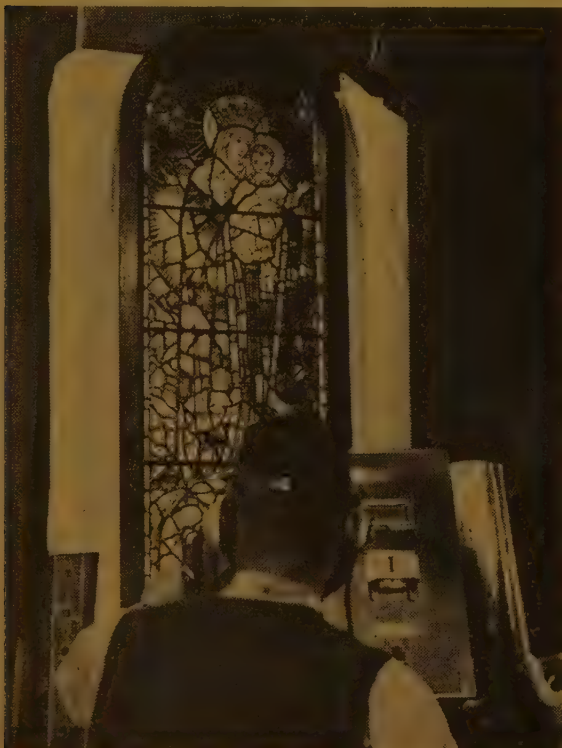
The new science series, 'Enquiry into the Unknown', made a start good enough



A still from the closing sequence of 'We Are Many in One'—the first of four films made by the B.B.C. Television Film Unit as a contribution to the Festival of Britain and shown on May 27: choristers in King's College Chapel, Cambridge

to warrant the assumption that it will develop into a viewing 'must', though the improving process may take time. It will help if the producer can persuade the scientists to light up the proceedings with an occasional smile. In this opening instalment the musical-voiced Bronowski smiled only tentatively, Barnett not at all, as if rigidly observing a rule. Clearly, from the title, this is not to be one of those terribly serious we're-telling-you programmes. It should be an incitement to the scientist to relax a little, difficult though it is in front of a television camera. The fish that wouldn't wag its fins and tail induced what may well be the right spirit for the series.

Preoccupied with its newsreel responsibilities, the B.B.C. Television Film Unit has had few opportunities of showing its capacity to deal with more massive assignments. The first of its Festival year films, 'We Are Many in One', in the series 'We in Britain', attempts the impossible and succeeds as nearly as any film producer could hope for within its showing time, twenty-five minutes. It is a far more effective job of pictorial compression than the 'Commonwealth of Nations' film shown to us recently for the second time, that woefully inadequate affair. Large tasks lie ahead for the Television Film Unit. 'We in Britain' is a hopeful pointer to the results expected from them. Meanwhile, the newsreel keeps us abreast of the topical without entirely losing sight of the eternal. Its farming survey was heartening both in content and competence. Though marred by technical troubles, the first 'Report on Women' was one of the best documentaries we have had in recent weeks. The suffragette film inserts were of fascinating interest, and the march of women out of one form of bondage into another was none the less veraciously depicted for being shown to us at light-infantry pace. The programme reminded us of what Arnold Bennett said, that women are not only a sex but a spectacle. The unrehearsed 'Women's Viewpoint', in which Jill Craigie tried charmingly but unsuccessfully to score off the editors of *Vogue* and *Woman*, illustrated this assertion by confirming the existence of millions of women



Making a panel for a New York church window, from 'Stained Glass', the second of a series of television programmes on British craftsmanship

who buy the women's papers to learn how to make themselves attractive to men. Jill Craigie did some pertinent probing, but Mary Grieve, of *Woman*, fenced her off with sincerity as well as with skill and won on points if not outright.

There are viewers who will not miss 'In the News', and some have said so with relief in their voices. Tedium being inherent in human existence, it is proper to remind ourselves that, as fairly recent history proved, there are more dangerous forms of it than party political slanging. But undoubtedly the rest will be appreciated on both sides of the screen.

REGINALD POUND

BROADCAST DRAMA

The Wood and the Trees

WHEN TYRONE GUTHRIE DESCRIBES a new radio work as a masterpiece I find it easier to agree than to cavil. After all, he knows. And after all these years I still doubt if I could tell a radio masterpiece from something which missed being a masterpiece by a couple of decibels or kilowatts. 'The Fire on the Snow' is certainly a most impressive, and finally moving piece, an artist's vision blessedly to be contrasted with those laborious features (which tell you so much and never trust you to feel anything) or those fictional fancies, stolid and manly and dull (like that well-meaning film) which fictionalise without somehow touching the inner spring of the imagination. Here mountains of fact were sifted into a single significant gesture; hundreds of snapshots coalesced into the one image which really mattered. The production was masterly, spare, clear, never charged with spurious emotion: John Mills, Peter Finch, Peter Coke and others, including (brilliant stroke) a woman announcer, Patricia Brent, were perfectly in the picture. Here was a case where one could see both the wood and the trees—a brilliant occasion.

This week we are all thinking dynastically, with the Henry Reed version of the Hardy classic (now called *Dynasts*, it seems, presumably on the analogy of dynamos in the dynamic age). Meanwhile let us extol two masterpieces of another sort of timber. There was Sherwood's 'The Petrified Forest'. And Barrie's 'Dear Brutus', Edwardian in cut. The former seemed much the more dated. The impact of the piece was thrillingly topical in its time; the impact of the idea that, after all, it might be necessary for David to slay Goliath, for the bourgeois small man (an 'artist' here, by a typical slack and sentimental turn of Sherwood's) to get to grips with the ruthless unprincipled man; the Hitler-Capone figure, which for so long, all had wished to dissolve by psychotherapy and appeasement. O, it was a play of its time, all right. Besides, who before then had heard a Talkie talk so much and such good sense? And then there were Mr. Bogart and his sucked-in sneer and Miss Bette Davis of the expressive eye (but, let us face it, the less expressive voice). The revival of the piece with the same famous actress was, of course, welcome, but honesty compels me to describe the total effect as something less exciting than either the film or the play on the stage.

On the other hand Barrie's whimsy came up wonderfully fresh in spite of having to use a narrator reading the stage directions (John Byron was tactful and finally evaporated into thin air). The class element (Lady Caroline and Matey) is taboo, but none the less true for that, in this year of grace; the adulterous trio strike as almost painfully insipid beside the sordid marital adventurers of our own time; and the slang is quite agonising. James McKechnie and Denise Bryer deserve a special medal for doing

the celebrated father-daughter scene so unflinchingly ('Crack in my eye, Tommy' and all); this part of it may be impossibly difficult for a post-Freudian generation to accept. Yet I believe if the play came to us new from Saint-Germain-des-Prés, as the last word in the drama of the 'Either/Or' Choice and the Second Chance, it would be greeted with a roar of approval. Unflinching and rewarding are the adjectives to describe a performance which even managed to bring off the sentimental stroke of Coadie's recognition (Martin Lewis and Courtney Hope did it very well). Of the two productions this was the one on which Martyn C. Webster would, I think, prefer to be congratulated.

Courtney Hope had also the same day excellently given us a very passable matinee, in monologue as it were, one of those studies in none-too-nice women beloved of radio playwrights; a snob, unkind and so on, whom with thumping irony we are allowed to see hailed as a fine woman. It wasn't bad and showed up the actress' talent to advantage. It was the sort of play Gladys Young used to excel in. Instead this week, in 'Peaceful Departure' by S. G. Bert, we heard Miss Young excelling as—can you guess?—an old chatterbox on her death bed who is a 'character' . . . etc., etc., etc. Miss Young did this, for all I know, standing on her head; she was very good. The play was not.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

THE SPOKEN WORD

Refreshing Escapism

THE MAJORITY OF THOSE who nowadays call themselves readers would admit, if pressed, that what they mean is that they read new books and, of the minority who read an old book, few, I imagine, go on to read all the other books of its author and fewer still explore or re-explore a whole period. We are too lazy or too busy with household duties, the garden, the wireless, television. Yes, the wireless; for it cannot be denied that the wireless, especially if you happen to be a lover of music, is a serious interruption to your evening reading. But although the wireless is partly responsible for our present illiterate condition, it tries gallantly through the Third Programme to do something to remedy it, and last week it took us on a personally conducted tour through that delightful period of French literature and art known as Symbolist and Impressionist. French writers, artists and composers are much more addicted than we are to forming themselves into groups under more or less appropriate denominations which provide them and their critics with material for interminable argument.

In the lively talk which opened the series A. G. Lehmann neatly by-passed this academic sport by denying that such labels have more than a vague significance and it is certainly true that the splitting of symbolic, impressionistic or any other variety of hairs can easily degenerate into a major conversational bore. Yet Edward Sackville-West managed to make a very enjoyable and instructive talk by performing this very operation in the department of music. The literary side of the tour was for the most part in the hands of Raymond Mortimer who introduced readings from various Symbolist poets and their forbears and selected the poems which were read. We could hardly have had a better guide, and as a help to those whose ear for broadcast French is not quite so good as it should be, each poem was generally preceded by an English verse translation. This I found most welcome, since French on the air, unless reception is absolutely perfect, is a tantalising elusive noise. A whistle, a crackle from your set, and a word or even a complete phrase is lost, and

one or two of such losses in the case of a poet as difficult as Mallarmé leaves the listener hopelessly adrift.

The English readers, to my uncompromising way of thinking, were chosen with supreme tact. Marjorie Westbury, Nicolette Bernard, Jill Balcon, Dennis Arundell and Alan Wheatley have taught us to expect excellent reading, and we got it. Each of them has a sure sense of rhythm, a perfect enunciation and a feeling for the sounds of vowels and consonants which combine to express to the full the sense and emotion of the poem. I can listen to them secure in the certainty that I shall not be infuriated by those gusts of synthetic emotion which occasionally turn my critical duties into a martyrdom. From the French readers we had some skilful and beautiful performances, but I must confess that I didn't enjoy Roger Blin's rapid and explosive readings from Gérard de Nerval in which every phrase was shot at me like a bullet from a machine-gun.

The programmes devoted to the writings of critics and artists of the period were introduced and the quotations chosen by Douglas Cooper who also talked well on painters such as Degas and Toulouse-Lautrec who often found their subjects in the theatre. Finally we had the privilege of hearing a recording of some fascinating reminiscences of his fellow poets and painters by the Symbolist poet Fernand Gregh. It was Arthur Symonds' *The Symbolist Movement in Literature* that set me on the track of the Symbolists years ago. Last week's programmes will doubtless work as an appetiser not only on those unacquainted with the period but also those who have recently neglected it. In short, a week of most refreshing escapism.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

BROADCAST MUSIC

'Tristan' and 'Pelléas'

WE WERE LUCKY to have put before us last week for comparison those two great love-poems, 'Tristan' and 'Pelléas'. We shall be fortunate, indeed, if we ever hear them better performed. Mme. Flagstad's Isolde remains one of the great interpretations of that part, and now, alas! goes into history to join Leider's and Ternina's and Lilli Lehmann's. Some of us have heard it, year after year, grow from the bland and almost unemotional beauty of fifteen years ago, when she seemed to one observer 'a Nordic princess more proud than passionate', into the tragic figure endowed with dramatic resources that amply compensate for any loss of vocal quality. It was unfortunate that listeners were not given the chance to hear her last performance as Brünnhilde in 'Götterdämmerung'. For that is her greatest part, and, no doubt moved by the thought that she would not be singing it again, she gave what was probably the finest performance of her career.

Flagstad's Isolde fulfilled expectations. Set Svanholm's Tristan did more than that. He has always been a good interpreter of the part, accurate musically and, in the theatrical sense, as safe as houses. But his voice has in the past sounded too dry in quality to ravish the ear and there was often too little feeling for the shape of a lyrical phrase. Last week he seemed to open up his tone and to have added an emotional understanding of the music to his quite remarkable intellectual grasp of it. The result was a love-duet such as it has never in the past been my good fortune to hear. Part, perhaps a great deal, of the credit must be given to Clemens Krauss, whose tempi were easy without drawing; and who obtained from the orchestra a lovely and radiant blend of sound that enveloped and supported the voices, instead of striving against

them in choppy phrases. The Covent Garden horns *can*, after all, play the hunting music.

Like 'Tristan', 'Pelléas' makes an excellent subject for broadcasting. Indeed, it is preferable not to see the usually too substantial interpreters of these shadowy figures, and there are scenes which are almost too painful to witness. For although Debussy and his author are masters of understatement, they can shock us with the dreadful scene in which Golaud throws Mélisande to the ground and flings her from side to side by her long hair. It is as bad as Gloucester's blinding in 'King Lear'. In his new book, aptly published during a week largely devoted to the Third Programme to French art, Mr. Martin

Cooper acutely contrasts the frank sensuality of French music as compared with "Tristan", where in the text the physical realities of love are replaced by neuter abstracts. Certainly nothing in the second act of 'Tristan' surpasses the passionate effect of the scene in which Pelléas and Mélisande at last discover their love for one another and yield to its power.

Perfection is a word that I am chary of using, but I can think of no other word to apply to this performance of Debussy's masterpiece. Suzanne Danco was a perfect Mélisande, fey, clear-voiced and at the great moment passionate. As good a Pelléas is rare to find, but he has been found in Camille Maurane, whose every inflec-

tion was exactly right in this music where subtle nuances of vocal colour are paramount. To hear him sing, when Mélisande's hair has fallen about him, 'Tu es ma prisonnière cette nuit, toute la nuit', was to hear the voice of all young lovers concentrated in a phrase glowing with passion, yet perfectly proportioned to the musical context. Bertrand Etcheverry's Golaud we had heard before, and then its excellence out-topped everything else. This time, his performance, as fine as ever, was well matched by the others. The Philharmonia Orchestra under Mr. Inghelbrecht did nothing to make me modify the word I have applied to the performance as a whole.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Herbert Murrill and his New Concerto

By ALAN FRANK

Murrill's Second Cello Concerto will be broadcast at 8.40 p.m. on Saturday, June 16 (Third) and 6.15 p.m. on Sunday, June 17 (Home)

THOUGH the contrary is distressingly often the case, there are a few English composers who write too little.

Examples that come to mind are Constant Lambert and the subject of this article: in both instances, one reason why they are not more prolific is that they are active in directions other than composition, the former (mainly) conducting other people's works, the latter—in his capacity as Head of Music at the B.B.C.—seeing that other people's works are performed. But, in the case of Herbert Murrill, this is not the only explanation of his modest output. He is at least as acutely critical of his own music as he is of that of others, and he admits to devoting an almost inordinate amount of care even to the simplest-sounding passage. Neatness and polish are outstanding qualities in his music, as they are in the twentieth-century French music which he so greatly admires, and whose influence on his own work he is not ashamed to acknowledge; and these qualities are the result of patient, disciplined work. So, one feels too, is the fact that many of his compositions are of relatively small dimensions, and do not suffer from inflationary tendencies.

Up to date, apart from the early and diverting 'Three Hornpipes' for orchestra, most of Murrill's work has been in the sphere of chamber music or for keyboard alone. The String Quartet of 1940, for example, is heard from time to time, and there are various concert piano solos, a 'Suite Française' (the title is significant) for harpsichord, and, very recently, a delightful short Sonata for recorder and harpsichord. In these works, the compactness, the entire absence of pretentiousness or of the falsely epic, are evidence of a mind that respects the orderly and avoids what is either redundant or inappropriate.

To describe Murrill's new Cello Concerto as one of his most ambitious works may mislead the listener into expecting something of entirely different character, a work on grander lines, which breaks away from the general qualities I have tried to outline above. This is, in fact, not so. While its range of expression is perhaps wider than in any other work of his, the outer framework is as deliberately concise as ever. It is indeed a pleasure to meet a cello concerto which does not sprawl. Characteristically, Murrill has epitomised the features of the four movements of a concerto into one continuous piece, lasting only some seventeen minutes. If the work has a fault, it is that it travels too swiftly and smoothly, and often with such disarming simplicity, that, on a first hearing, some of the closely-reasoned detail of this allusive music may be missed, since it is never under-

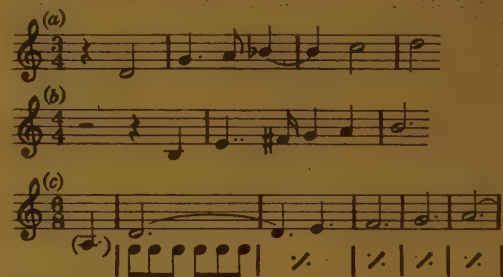
lined. But the detail is there all the same, and the logic and control as firm as that exercised—but how much more didactically—by the most thorough-going twelve-tonalist.

This is not the first occasion on which Murrill has written for solo cello, an instrument towards which he evidently feels drawn. Apart from several smaller pieces for cello and piano, including a three-movement 'Capriccio', he wrote a cello concerto as long ago as 1933-5, when he was in his mid-twenties. The work was broadcast in 1936, but has now been withdrawn. Its scoring is of interest, in that the cello was largely accompanied by a quartet of solo wind and a quartet of solo strings, and rarely had to compete with the full orchestra. In the present work no such facile solution is accepted of the fundamental difficulty of writing a cello concerto in which neither the soloist is submerged nor the orchestra cowed. In this Second Cello Concerto, if the full orchestra is seldom used in force (there are only two real tuttis, in the first and last sections), ingenious and extremely varied play is made throughout of the orchestra's full resources, used with discretion.

The opening section of the work, corresponding to the first movement, has as its main subject a preludial and gradually rising theme in C major for solo cello over lower strings and harp. It soon displays a false relation (E flat, E natural), subsequently to become a prominent feature. This use of false relation is, indeed, to be seen in other of Murrill's music, including the Aria of the 'Capriccio' already mentioned. There is possibly an element of jazz influence here, in this ambiguity of major and minor. It occurs, too, a little later on in the second-subject group, where there is a passage of minor sixths for the cello, suggesting a parallel with the Walton of the Viola Concerto, though the harmonic effect of the two passages is quite different. The other, preceding element of the second-subject group consists of a brass theme and a flowing theme for strings and woodwind, the latter soon heard in the telling high register of the solo cello.

There is little further development at this point, but instead we are led into the short three-four scherzo section: the opening of this; soft staccato wind chords against semiquaver passages in the cello, seemed at first hearing one of the less satisfactory parts of the work. It is in the course of this scherzo that we hear for the first time, and in subtly transformed rhythm, the first phrase of the Catalan folk song, 'El Cant del Ocells' ('The Song of the Birds'), which in its full statement informs the slow movement and gives the key to the entire work. It will be heard once more in the finale, again quite changed rhythmically. The example shows

the three rhythms: (a) of the tune as anticipated in the scherzo; (b) of the tune in its original form in the slow movement; (c) of its use in the finale over a *vivace* six-eight.



A feature of a later phrase of this tune is its descending G sharp, F natural, E (in A minor), and in the transition from scherzo to slow movement a remarkable passage occurs where this tune is heard on the woodwind, while high above it a solo violin in repeated semiquavers makes emphatic use of the descending, germinal semitone, F, E. The melodic interest of the slow movement, which is a most affecting meditation on the tune, is practically throughout given to the solo cello.

The finale section starts in a mixture of six-eight and three-four, its opening made the more arresting by rapid descending scales, repeated, for four horns. The movement takes on more and more of a Spanish character, and a big climax is worked out, the tempo being by now changed to three-two, when the C major preludial theme of the opening is heard in minims on brass and woodwind, over a bolero rhythm. A cadenza, strictly formed from the various themes of the work, and the briefest of codas, bring the concerto to a *maestoso* close.

This work, it should be added, was commissioned by the Henry Wood Concert Society, and was first heard, with the same soloist and conductor, at a special Birthday Promenade Concert at the Albert Hall on March 3, 1951. It is dedicated, 'with respect and affection', to Pau Casals. It is evident that the Spanish nature of its finale pays tribute to this great cellist and musician. Furthermore, it is known that the Catalan folk song used in the work possesses a particular significance for Casals. It is no disrespect to the originality of the work, but rather, I trust, sensing the composer's intention, to say that this long tune overshadows the other themes and motives, attractive though they are. The dominant theme is, and could only be, this folk song of Catalonia: all the work's considerable brio and invention do not efface or diminish its peculiarly haunting melancholy.

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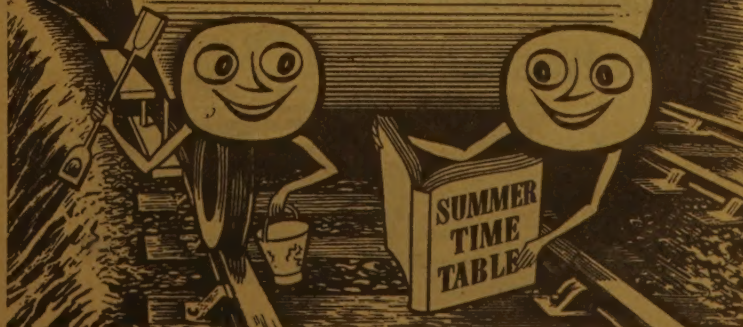
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- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ level teaspoon of baking-powder
- pinch of salt
- 3-4 oz. of fat
- water

Sift together the flour, baking-powder and salt. Cut up the fat small (it may be margarine, cooking fat or dripping), and rub it into the flour till the mixture looks crumbly. Then use a steel knife and mix to a stiff paste with cold water. Work lightly until smooth, then turn on to a floured board. Roll out once, then divide the pastry into two, and line a shallow pie-dish with one half.

For the filling you need:

- 2-3 eggs
- pepper and salt to season
- 1 teacup of milk
- 4 oz. of minced ham or bacon
- or blanched sliced tomato and par-cooked sliced onion

Pour gently into the pie-dish, and cover with the remaining pastry; pinch the edges together. Bake in a moderate oven. If cooked in a hot oven, the pastry is cooked before the custard is set. Never make a hole in the top or the filling would run out.

The short crust may be varied by adding $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of grated cheese, after rubbing in the fat to give a cheesy flavoured pastry, and using chopped parcooked vegetables in the custard.

NELL HEATON

LIVER LOAF AND HAMBURGERS

For liver loaf you need:

- 1 lb. of liver (any kind)
- 1 onion
- 1 egg
- 1 tablespoon of chopped celery
- 1 rasher of fat bacon
- 1 cup of breadcrumbs
- 1 dessertspoon of chopped parsley
- seasoning

Mince the bacon, liver and onions. Combine all the ingredients and mix well. Pack into a greased pie-dish and bake for 1 hour in a moderate oven. (If you are using pork or beef liver, blanch it first by pouring over 1 pint of boiling water containing 1 tablespoon of vinegar. Leave for 10 minutes, then drain and rinse.)

For the hamburgers the ingredients are:

- 1 lb. of minced steak
- 1 cup of breadcrumbs
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of milk or stock
- 1 egg
- 2 tablespoons of minced onion
- 1 teaspoon of chopped parsley
- seasoning

Soak the breadcrumbs in beaten egg and milk

or stock. Combine all the ingredients, and shape into cakes about $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch thick. Grill or fry.

MAURA LAVERTY

Some of Our Contributors

THOMAS JONES, C.H., LL.D. (page 901): President of the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth; Secretary of the Pilgrim Trust, 1930-45, and a Trustee since 1945; formerly Deputy Secretary of the Cabinet, and Secretary, Economic Advisory Council

SIR WILFRID EADY, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., K.B.E. (page 903): Joint Second Secretary at the Treasury since 1942; a Governor of the London School of Economics and of Westminster School

SIR GEORGE SANSOM, G.B.E., K.C.M.G. (page 907): Professor of Japanese Studies and Director of the East Asian Institute, Columbia University, New York; U.K. member of Allied Far Eastern Commission, 1946-47; Commercial Counsellor, British Embassy, Tokyo, 1925-40; author of *The Western World and Japan*, *A Short Cultural History of Japan*, etc.

DOUGLAS COOPER (page 909): art critic and journalist; translator (under the pen name of Douglas Lord) of *Nineteenth Century French Painting* by S. Rocheblave and Van Gogh's *Letters to Emile Bernard*; editor of *Braque* (in the 'Masters of French Art' series) and *Manet Paintings*; author of *Fernand Léger et le Nouvel Espace*, etc.

TOM HOPKINSON (page 923): editor of *Picture Post*, 1940-50

Crossword No. 1,101.

Spiral Chequers.

By Fez

Prize (for the first five correct solutions opened): Book token, value 12s. 6d.

Closing date: First post on Thursday, June 14

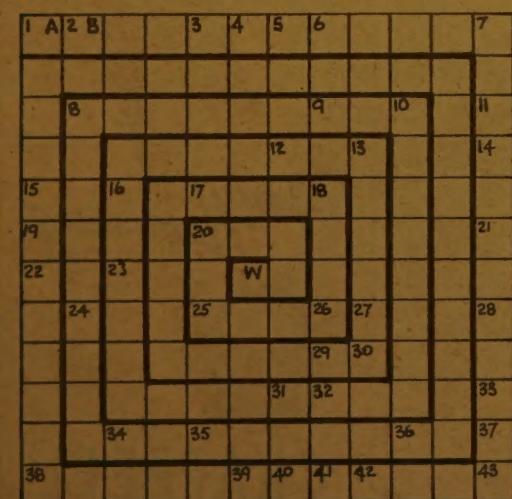
There are 2 types of lights:

Set A

These consist of across, down, up and 4 diagonal lights and go direct from one number to the other—e.g. 20-3 is a 6 letter word (up clue).

Set B

These lights are inserted in alternate squares along the spiral. The next light is inserted in the same way beginning



at the first blank square. Thus if clue A gave a 9 letter word and clue B a 6 letter word, then clue A would begin in square A and go round the spiral to the square marked 21, clue B would begin in square B and go to the square marked 7. Clue C would then begin in the first blank square—i.e. the square marked 11. The last word of this set finishes in the square W.

In order to assist the sum of the letters is given after each clue [A = 1, B = 2, C = 3 . . . Z = 26]. Punctuation can be ignored in all clues. R = Reversed.

Set A Across

- 11-10. See 2-8 down
- 13-14. The opossum gives up the violin for a long scarf (4, 47).
- 15-16. Repeat this for a S. American squirrel monkey (3, 30).
- 21-19. The faculty of free agency is about a backward unit extension (12, 155).
- 23-22. 9-6, 34-35. To produce support on the way (9, 99).
- 23-22. 32-33. Here an ancient ditty was called 'La Belle Dame sans Mercy' (8, 98).
- 25-24. See 40-31 up
- 28-27. 'I have not loved the world . . . nor bow'd to its idolatrous patient' (4, 35).
- 37-36. See 5-12 down.

Down or Up

- 2-8, 11-10. Headless these corridors have the same sound (6, 65).
- 20-3. Chief apartment of a Roman house (6, 82).
- 4-39. —459-6°F. Resolute Ruth's Redeemer Reshaped (12, 159 2 words).
- 5-12, 37-36. Are more than one of this kind of cavities found in the chest? (7, 85).
- 40-31, 25-24. Gold divides severe trials (7, 74).
- 41-29. The angry sidepiece of a wagon? (4, 46).
- 42-30. Reed to endure (4, 32).

Diagonals

- 1-17. The turning point is a bay in the groundfloor of the theatre (5, 82).
- 7-18. Hydrophobia (5, 76).
- 38-25. Cattle weighing 2½ pounds? (5, 68).
- 26-43. A Spanish coin in 90? No vice versa in the kidneys (5, 50).

Set B

- A. Kneel up crimp for coarse rye bread (141).
- B. The road users' Association admits Bob King (21).

- C. 'The fairest flowers o' the season Are our carnations and streaked —' (139).
- D. To begin a spit — and end in fish (47).
- E. The little auk is a bird — and half a N.Z. shrub (71).
- F(R). Gorging Jack, guzzling Jimmy and little Billee hailed from this city (95).
- G(R). Stupid old town in a disordered country (70).
- H. Cheerful beverage with mixed unit of work (48).
- I. He wrote 28-27 (74).
- J. Seal around. Art is sticky and dirty (79).
- K. When fear rears its head it reveals the debit (80).
- L(R). The Kenite's wife gave him milk and a nail through his head (71).
- M. A vain rote gives an antidote (104).
- N. O Pass the tenderloin! (70).
- O. This curve bears the stamp of the letter writer (94).
- P(R). To deceive (63).
- Q. 15-16 includes a cereal disease. Is this guardian as reliable as he sounds? (108).
- R. Egg measurer or pernickless revolution sizer (91).
- S. Like a small belt (107).
- T. Hewless saint is without lustre (54).
- U(R). Corky under the blood fine (77).
- V. He remains in Rome confused as intended (53).

Solution of No. 1,099

Prizewinners:
G. W. Bain (Rampton); W. F. Luckett (London, N.3);
A. E. Nicholson (Cambridge); Miss K. M. Stocks (Sidcup); Miss A. M. Vernon (Kingston-on-Thames)

C	H	O	C	E	P	H	A	L	D	O	S
B	I	L	I	T	Y	T	F	U	L	A	H
O	V	A	T	E	T	U	R	V	E	A	
R	E	T	U	M	C	O	I	E	E	P	
G	U	I	S	T	A	S	T	U	F	F	E
F	O	O	L	E	R	Y	A	M	R	O	N
R	B	N	A	T	I	O	N	G	A	Z	E
E	V	A	T	E	D	K	I	L	L	E	R
P	O	L	M	T	E	K	L	O	I	B	P
F	I	L	A	I	D	I	X	T	N	U	A
S	D	O	N	C	O	S	I	S	E	B	I
K	E	W	E	I	G	H	T	D	O	W	N

NOTES

Edi & Di: Lin & Poly; Dye & Ani: Tom & Topsy; El (Lionel) & Maud: Lord & Mis: Eli (Emmet T.) & Fas Eff (Flavius) & Ema: I (Isaac) & Ma: Beel (Bernard L.) & Luci: Count & Eider: O (Oliver) & Doli: Hu & Merc: Ra & Lady: Basil & Vi.
Across:—35. Gar's. 53. 509 or ten. 56. Homer (measure, shark, pigeon). Down:—5U. Keats. 6. Doyen of Listener crossword composers. 20. Cariboo (W. S. Gilbert, 'Etiquette'). 29. King's Own Yorks. Light Infantry (cooly). 40. Swallowing. 34. Tower of London; cooked or burnt. 57. Anag: Forge.

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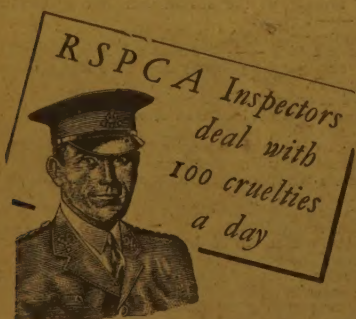
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